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[THE BYSTANDER, JUNE 17, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the famous Links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opp. Swim. pool. 1st-cl. residential hotel. Own private huts on the beach. Moderate.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel du Rhin. Rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

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GERMANY.

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Baden-Baden. — Bühlerhöhe. — 800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from RM.11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4. Pen. fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov. 1935, fcg. Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old established, comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional pos. by park. 20 yds. fr. Baths.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1936.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position, facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension fr. RM 10.

Bad Nauheim. — Park Hotel. — First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—**Staatl. Kurhotel.**—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM.10.50.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk. Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Lead. htl. R. fr. RM.5. R., w. bath, fr. RM.9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—**Sonnenbichl.**—Golf Hotel, facing the Zugspitze, 1st.-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 11.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four Seasons). Select home of Soc. Best pos. opp. Kurhaus, Opera and Parks. Pens. fr. RM.12.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Wiesbaden.—Gr'd Htl. Kaiserhof.—300 beds. First-class, in quietest pos. in own large park. Thermal water, Swim.-pool. Carl König.

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Amsterdam.—Amstel Hotel.—First class. Splendid situation. Rooms incl. Dutch breakfast, from Fl. 4.50 upwards.

Amsterdam.—Bracks Doelen Hotel.—First class, quiet location, 120 beds, 40 bathrooms. From Fl. 4-5, incl. breakfast.

Amsterdam.—Hotel De l'Europe.—First class. 120 rooms. 40 bathrooms. Rooms from 4.50 (breakfast incl.).

Noordwijk.—Grand Hotel Huis Ter Duin.—500 beds. Best position facing sea. Golf, tennis, sunbathing, beautiful beach.

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Basle—Three Kings Hotel.—(Trois Rois) On the Rhine. Rooms from Fr. 6.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage—with its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50.

Geneva.—La Residence.—First-cl. Resid. All comf. Spl. Roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air Rest. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pen. fr. 10 Frs.

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. Large Park. Gar. First cl. family Hotel. Bathing, Tennis, Golf. Pens. fr. Fr. 11.50 up.

Lausanne. — Belvedere Hotel. — Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

Lausanne.—Hotel Byron.—First-cl. Family Hotel, all comf. Best pos. Excellent cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all incl. from £4.10 o.

Lausanne.—Ouchy.—Meurice Hotel.—On the Lake. 100 beds. Best 1st-class. New prices for 1936. 10 Frs. daily. Garden, Garage.

Lucerne.—Hotel Beau-Rivage.—Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S.Frs. 13.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st-class. Finest sit. on lake. Reasonable terms. Private sun & lake baths free for guests. Park, Tennis, Gar.

Lucerne. — Grand Hotel Europe. — The popular First-class Hotel with moderate prices.

Lucerne.—Hotel du Lac. — Always open. Rooms 5.50. Pension from 13 frs. Branch House, Hotel Gotthard, near station.

Lucerne. — The National. — Best location direct on lake. All sports. Room from Frs. 7; Pens. from Frs. 16. Director: A. de Micheli.

Lucerne.—Palace Hotel.—Finest situation *right* on lake-front, quiet yet central. Pension from Frs. 15.

Lugano (Sth. Switz.)—Hotel Bristol.—In wonderful position overlooking lake. Terms: from £6 weekly.

Lugano.—Grd. Hotel Eden.—Latest comf. All rms. fac. lake, wkly. terms "all in" S.Fr.98. Same house. **The Beau-Rivage.** Wkly. S.Fr.90

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. Comft. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk., Gar., Ech.

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Thun-Thunerhof-Bellevue.—Pension from Fr. 10.— Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

Zermatt (5,315 ft.).—**The Hotels Seiler.**—Comf. and homely hotels with 1,000 beds. Pens. rate from 8.50, 9.50 & 11.50 Fr. upw'ds.

The Bystander, June 17, 1936

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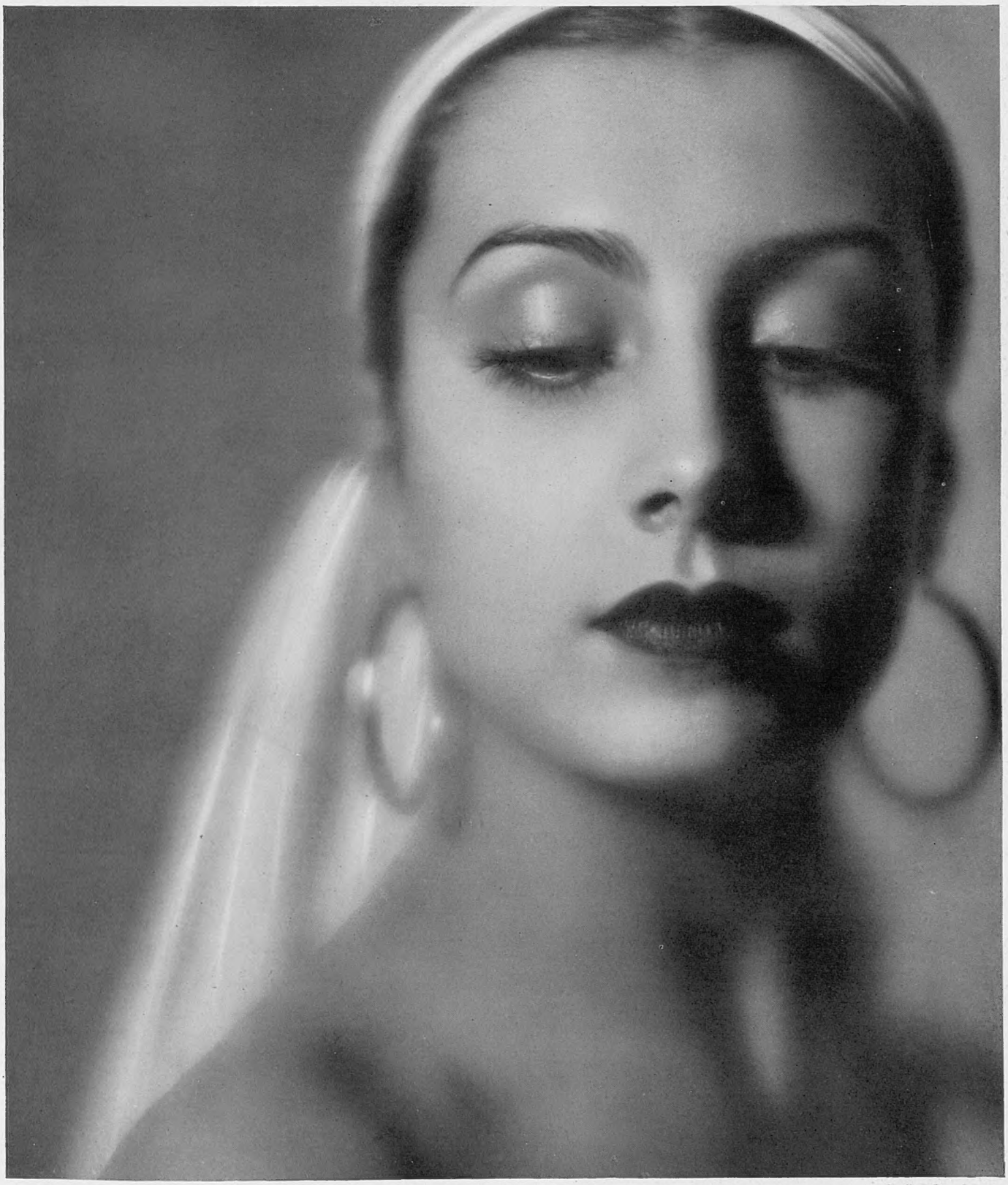
The BYSTANDER

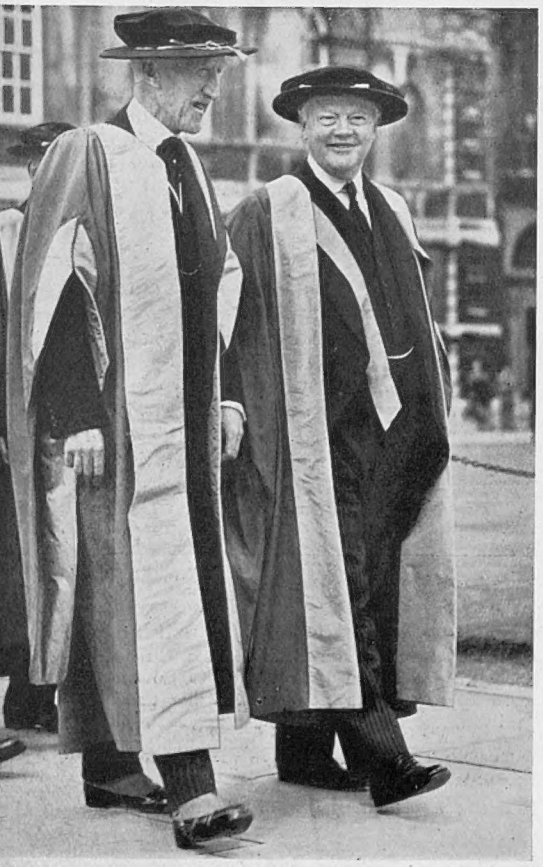


Batlles, Barcelona

Spanish Impression of Tamara Toumanova

This portrait of Toumanova was taken in Barcelona, where the de Basil Ballets Russes went for a short season between their arrival from America and their return to Covent Garden. This year Toumanova makes her fourth appearance in London, and her third as a principal dancer, with Tchernichova, Danilova, Baronova and Riabouchinska, of de Basil's company. Her technical brilliance, particularly the ease and number of her fouettés, has been judged by Arnold Haskell to have given the course of ballet history a new direction, raising the standard of virtuosity for dancers, and offering new scope to the choregrapher. Like Baronova, Toumanova is a pupil of Preobajenska

The Chancellor and His Page



"Boys, I'm Proud of You!"

The Chancellor of the University of Cambridge Confers Some Honorary Degrees

Mr. Stanley Baldwin as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge performed two ceremonies there last week. First he entered the Senate House in state, with a page, Mr. R. A. Allan, bearing his train, and declared open the new extension of the Fitzwilliam Museum. Then he conferred honorary degrees on seven distinguished recipients, of whom Lord Willingdon and Lord Hailsham were two of the three new LL.D.s (Lord Atkin was the third). It was actually the Orator (Mr. T. R. Glover) and not the Chancellor who used the "proud of you" theme, when he made his brief but sonorous Latin speeches in praise of each Recipient as he presented them to Mr. Baldwin

Left: the Marquess of Willingdon and Viscount Hailsham, the Lord Chancellor, after they received their honorary degrees as Doctors of Law

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

EVENTS in France continue to steal all the limelight, but the ordinary man in the street is only interested in one angle of the troubles. He is not worrying about the prospect of "Bolshevism on the English Channel"—somehow, the Bolshevik bogey has flapped its arms so often that it can no longer create panics outside Malvern, Cheltenham, and the sweet, simple City of London—nor is he concerned with vast economic problems. The only question he asks is: "Will the franc fall?" Tens of thousands of men and women in this country are simply waiting for the day when the exchange will enable them to spend their holidays in the old, beloved haunts. What a rush there will be—to Paris, and to the tiny villages of Normandy, and the sea-beaches of Brittany, and the long slopes of the Burgundian vineyards, and the great Cathedrals of Chartres and Bourges and Beauvais and Orleans and Amiens and the rest of them. For myself, I shall make a bee-line to a small restaurant near Dijon, where the cooking brings tears of emotion to the eyes and even the vin ordinaire is like nectar. But don't get excited. I am not going to tell you where it is.

THE return of Sir Samuel Hoare to the Government places Mr. Baldwin, when the history of our times comes to be written, in a completely inescapable dilemma. Of two alternatives, only one is possible. Either Sir Samuel Hoare made such a hideous blunder on his own account last December and was rightly dismissed from office, in which case he most emphatically ought not to return to the Government in a position of paramount importance; or else he is the right man for the post of First Lord of the Admiralty, and did not blunder on his own account in December, but on the account of the whole Cabinet, in which case he most emphatically ought not to have been dismissed from office. There is no third way. And whichever way you choose, Mr. Baldwin comes pretty queerly out of it all, don't you think? Or don't you?

THAT most incredible and fantastic of all human jamborees, an American Convention to elect a Presidential candidate, is in full swing as I write. A thousand and one delegates are assembled in Cleveland to decide who shall have the thankless job of opposing Mr. Roosevelt in November, and their antics are positively astounding. The bit I like best is the loud-speaker service in the streets and trains for conveying personal messages to the delegates. Thus the crowds assembled at street corners may hear announcements such as: "Mrs. Chipmunk wishes Senator Chipmunk to know that she will let him have it good and hearty if he goes out again with that dirty little blonde from Kansas City to-night"; or "Shakespeare Q. Popplegrass, delegate for Nebraska, left the Lido Club last evening without paying his check, and will Mr. Popplegrass rectify this omission within one hour." How dismally dull our elections are in comparison.

"Beacon Among Lesser Headgear"

So "The Times" described Noel Coward's Theatrical Garden Party top-hat, "adroitly and majestically manœuvring through the crowd." He is with Miss Ann Harding; as President of the Actors' Orphanage and host of the Party, he had her and Miriam Hopkins as his chief guests

THE Attorney-General's announcement that no criminal prosecution is going to follow the Budget leakage has, I think, been welcomed by all except the more rabid of the Socialist Party. It has been an unpleasant episode, and the sooner it is forgotten, the better for the public life of this country. These things do not very often occur here (though cynics say that the reason is simply that we are more skilful at covering them up than other nations), and that is the main consolation which arises out of it all.

IT is poor fun being right-hand man to the Italian Dictator. If you do badly, you are sacked, and if you do well you are sacked too. Balbo, who commanded the famous flight over the Atlantic, was a case in point. Another was Turati, one of the founders of Fascism. Now it is the turn of Signor Suvich, who has held up the diplomatic end of the Abyssinian episode as Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs in Rome. After feverish months of trying to prove that Italy has not torn up a single treaty, Signor Suvich has attained the prominence in world-affairs which makes his overthrow essential. Tall men are not required round the Duce. So the job goes to the Duce's brother-in-law, the elegant young Count Ciano, whose father performed some notable feats in motor-launches in the Adriatic at a time when

Italian battleships were apt to prefer the security of Taranto to the risks of the high seas.

MANY million people in every corner of the English-speaking world will be delighted to hear that Sir Henry Lytton is recovering from the severe illness which attacked him in January. More than twenty thousand times Sir Henry has appeared in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and I wonder whether, in all that time, he has ever played to a house that was not crowded. Probably his stage career is absolutely unique for that reason. Gilbert and Sullivan theatres are always full. When I was a lad, a long, long time ago, the annual visit of the D'Oyly Carte Company was the great thrill of the Christmas holidays. I can still remember some of those magic, hallowed names, Leicester Tunks and Strafford Moss, Fred Billington and Sydney Granville, and, of course, the one and only, the divine Miss Clara Dow. Where are they all, I wonder, those members of a travelling fairyland for schoolboys ?

MR. T. O. M. SOPWITH has launched his new racing-yacht, Endeavour II., as a possible competitor for the America's Cup, and the news has had a mixed reception. Naturally, it is impossible not to admire the pertinacity and public spirit of Mr. Sopwith in following in the footsteps of Sir Thomas Lipton and trying again. At the same time, it is difficult to forget the rather unfortunate circumstances which surrounded his first challenge in 1934. The America's Cup is, and always has been, one of the most powerful antidotes to the beneficent work of the English-Speaking Union, except in the Lipton era. That grand old grocer was adored in the United States. but it took him years to undo the unfortunate impressions which some of his predecessors had created. Let us hope that Endeavour II. will restore the atmosphere of " Tommy " and his gallant Shamrocks.

THERE is one interesting point about the selection of the two cricket teams to represent North and South in the Test Trial match, on which I have seen no comment. Warburton, the bank-clerk who plays Saturday afternoon cricket in the Lancashire League, has stepped straight from there into an important match. Two other players have done the same, so far as I can remember. One was Cecil Parkin, the brilliant, whimsical, capricious bowler who had the heart-breaking task of leading the attack upon those terrible Australian teams just after the war, when wickets were hard, and the Australians could bat right down to Number 10. The other was the stern, formidable, dour Sidney Barnes, whom Archie Maclaren discovered in League cricket. Barnes, who, with Spofforth, was one of the two best bowlers the world has ever seen, was a menace to the greatest batsmen on the truest of wickets. It will be a good thing for English cricket if Warburton emulates those two great Leaguers.

THE Tattoo is with us again, and the countryside within heaven knows how many miles of Aldershot is besprinkled with A.A. and R.A.C. notices of instructions of routes. The choice of the Rangoon River Expedition of 1824 for reproduction is ingenious, for it is undoubtedly original. I doubt if a tenth of one per cent. of the spectators in the Rushmoor Arena will have ever heard of it before. Yet the campaign, quite apart from being the first British irruption on a large scale into Burma, was one of the earliest examples of the art of entrenchment in a colonial war. The Burmese were experts at digging trenches and building stockades, and their tactics at first baffled the straightforward and stolid red-coats.

Our modern soldier may sometimes be baffled by hostile tactics, but there is one thing which he can do faultlessly. He can organise a tattoo in a way that makes Reinhardt look like an amateur. Perhaps Reinhardt would make a good G.O.C.

THE extraordinary closeness of the first polo match for the Westchester Cup came as a pleasant surprise. We had got so accustomed to the everlasting victories of " Tommy " Hitchcock and Devereux Milbourn and their colleagues, that we were all ready, pens poised and ink sizzling with inflammatory acid, to burst into print about the superior class of the American pony, against which our modest purses could not hope to compete, etc., etc. Instead of which, we have to fall back, most unexpectedly, upon descriptions of the brilliant play of our men against a powerful and experienced team.

AN exhibition of pictures, etchings, dry-points, and drawings by one of the greatest of living British artists is always an event, and a visit to Mr. Muirhead Bone's exhibition at Colnaghi's is well worth while. Mr. Bone is also bringing out at last his eagerly expected book of pictures of Spain, with letterpress by his wife, and the originals are on view at his publisher's, Macmillan's, of St. Martin's Street. They are astonishingly brilliant, but the price of the book is somewhat beyond my overdraft, being a hundred guineas. It must be the most expensive book since Lawrence of Arabia published his original edition of *The Seven Pillars*.

EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE has maintained a rare consistency in his public speeches ever since the beginning of the troubles. Although he was the barbarian being " civilised " by the wonderful culture of his adversary, he has come out as the better man of the two on the platform. The Emperor's speech at the luncheon of the League of Nations Union was a perfect specimen of quiet dignity.

WHO can say that the British official never has any sense of perspective or proportion ? St. John's Wood station on the Underground has been re-named Lord's. This is a notable example of putting first things first. Cricket is the national game, and Lord's has been called the Mecca of the Game by a myriad journalists, and Thomas Lord, who flourished in about 1800, was the hero of the ground. Away with pedants who yelp and whine that there was a Wood there before a cricket-ground, and that St. John flourished before 1800, and that a Saint is more worthy of commemoration by a railway company than a sportsman.

Three Courtiers of 1936

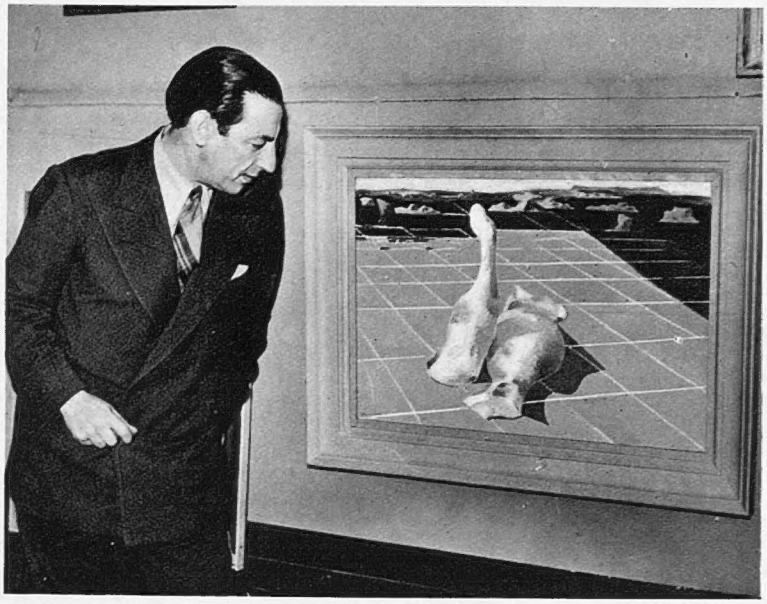
Lord Wharton wore Court dress for his presentation to the King at last week's Levée. He was presented by Lord Lawrence on succeeding to the title (in 1934)

Sir Samuel Hoare, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, attended the Levée, and also had an audience with the King in the afternoon

The Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair was another member of the general company attending at Buckingham Palace. He is Aberdeenshire's Lord Lieutenant

Surrealist-in-Chief—
M. André Breton and His Wife

M. André Breton is the leader of the Surrealist movement in France—its home—and its chief interpreter in writing. He is first and foremost a poet; Mme. Breton is an artist

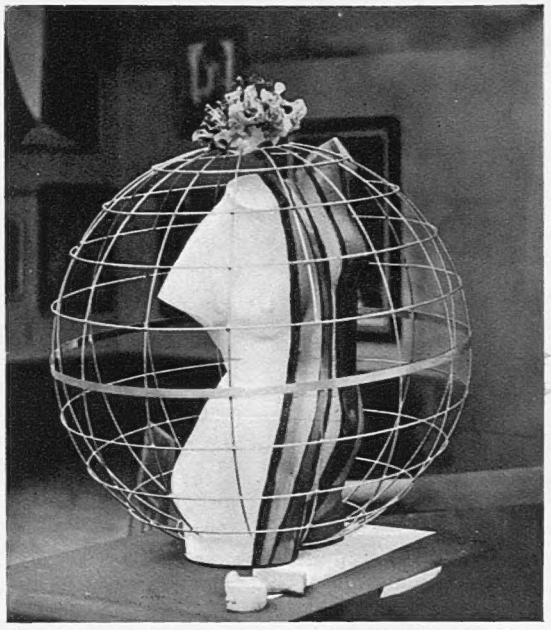


English Surrealist-in-Chief

Mr. Paul Nash is the most important painter in England taking the Surrealist path. He is one of the organisers of the Exhibition. That picture of his is called "Encounter in the Afternoon"

Lord Kitchener Surrealised

This picture of Lord Kitchener with a fez on his head and a child's head painted upside down under his chin is by Humphrey Jennings



"Captain Cook's Last Voyage"

An "Object" by an English exhibitor, Roland Penrose

Woman to Woman

Mlle. Leonor Fini, a French artist who has five pictures on show, looks at a Statue of a Woman

"They Dream Too Much"

The Surrealists Have Set London Talking With Their Exhibition at Burlington Gardens

SURREALISM set its dreams and complexes and hidden imaginations on show to the London picture-gazers last week when the International Surrealist Exhibition was opened at the New Burlington Galleries. (It 's there until July 4th.) The surrealist theory and its visible results are nearly as incomprehensible to the uninitiated as Einstein's relativity and its attendant formulæ, even though a score of writers and journalists have been set to explain it in newspapers and pamphlets. Beautiful, horrible, laughable, awe-inspiring, absurd, worthy of the deepest respect? Every sort of judgment can find a justification among the pictures, sculpture and objects created by these Freud-inspired artists. Above all, the show is a vital and provocative one, and has set more tongues wagging in passionate disagreement than any exhibition since the Post-Impressionists first bewildered London

Left : Miss Mona Maris and the Duke of Marlborough both took a view of Lord Castlerosse's hat ; what is there about it ? we ask ourselves

Left : the Duchess of Buccleuch wore a tartanesque sash on her dark dress and walked to her seat with the Hon. William Astor, M.P., who knows something of the game from the playing side

First Round to America

A Packed Hurlingham and a Brilliant Game In the First of the Westchester Cup Matches

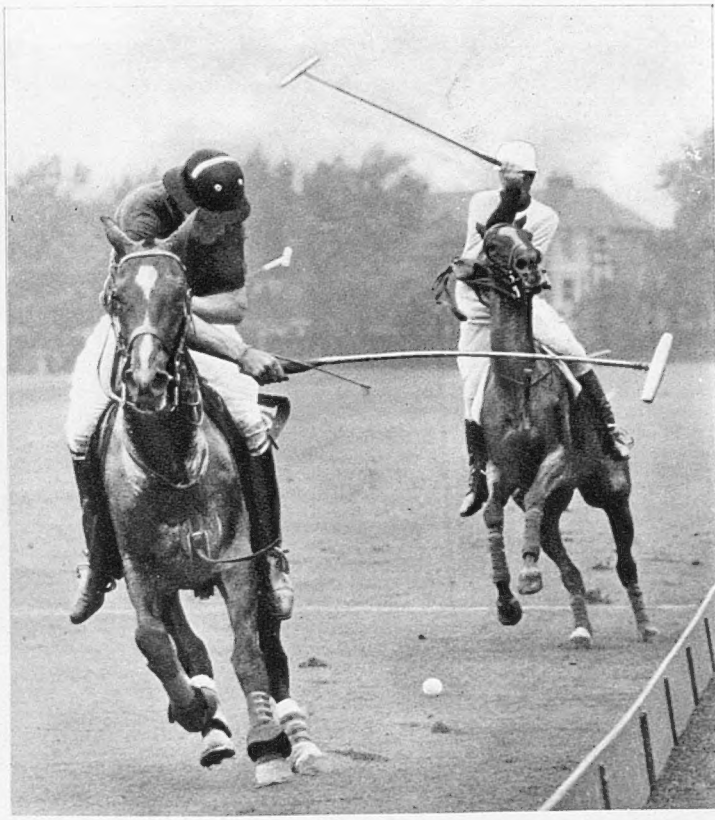
Hurlingham last Wednesday saw " one of the finest and most exciting games of polo ever played " when America won the first Westchester Cup match by ten goals to nine. England never led but they attacked unceasingly, and right to the last chukka there might have been a different answer to " Who won ? " The players who finally represented England (after only one trial match together) were H. H. Hughes, No. 1, G. Balding, No. 2, E. H. Tyrrell-Martin, No. 3, Captain H. P. Guinness, back

Lady Margaret Drummond Hay talked to Miss Bee Batlivala and Rao Raja Hanut Singh

Mrs. James Corrigan and Lady Milbanke were two of the ten thousand spectators

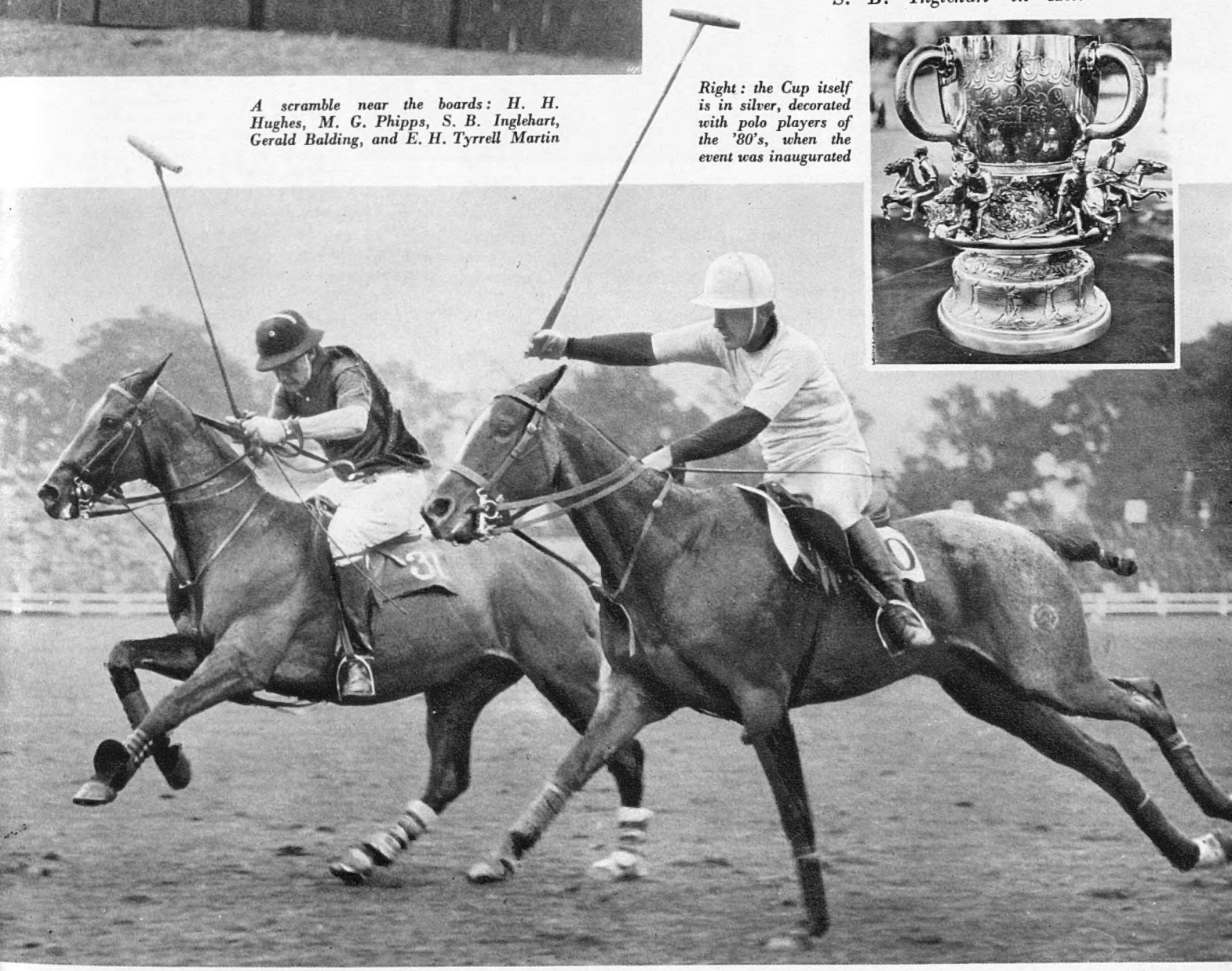
Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill arrived with his race-glasses and Mrs. Euan Wallace

A scramble near the boards: H. H. Hughes, M. G. Phipps, S. B. Inglehart, Gerald Balding, and E. H. Tyrrell Martin



Capt. Humphrey Guinness and S. B. Inglehart in Action

Right: the Cup itself is in silver, decorated with polo players of the '80's, when the event was inaugurated



Another Fine Action Picture of Capt. Guinness, England's Back, and Stewart Inglehart, America's No. 3

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

The Cadogan—Yarde-Buller Wedding

The Earl of Cadogan and the Hon. Primrose Yarde-Buller, Lord Churston's youngest sister, were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. Lord Cadogan, who was twenty-two in February, is in the Coldstream Guards

The Balfour — Peel Wedding

At the Royal Caledoni

This picture of the Hon. Jean Elphi Mills and Sir Douglas Ramsay eighty-eighth Royal Caledonian Ball, Elphinstone, who is Lord Elphi announced her engagement to Joh

Left: the Hon. David Balfour, Lord and Lady Kinross's younger son, and Miss Araminta Peel, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Willoughby Peel's second daughter, had their wedding at Holy Trinity Church, in Haddington, where the bride's home is; they are honeymooning in Majorca

Mr. Johnson and Miss D. M. Keyes

James Robert Johnson, eldest son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Johnson, of Mataban, Avalon Beach, New South Wales, married Diana Margaret Keyes in the Henry VII. Chapel at Westminster Abbey. She is Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger and Lady Keyes' daughter

THE dinner-concert-dance at Grosvenor House last Monday week in aid of St. George's Hospital, might well have been described as a jewel ball.

Never have we seen more lovely or wonderful jewellery at one party. Outstanding examples were worn by the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, the Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, Mrs. Ernest Simpson (whose clips showed up to advantage on a deep-blue dress), the Marquise Portago, who wore amazing rubies with a simple maize-yellow gown; and Mrs. Shipman, in a sensational emerald necklace.

Smothered With Bouquets

THERE was fantastic applause for the star of the evening, Miss Grace Moore, after each song. She has a radiant, colourful personality in addition to her exquisite voice, and was wearing a shimmering dress and coat with ultra-puff sleeves, of pinkish-mauve and silver lamé. At the end she was literally smothered with bouquets.

It was the first time we had seen Lady Louis Mountbatten since her wanderings. As lovely as ever, slightly sunburnt, in a black dress (or did someone say it was brown ?), she danced with her tall, good-looking husband.

At a table near to us were the Duchess of Westminster, whose plastic curls are extremely becoming; the Duchess of Rutland, who is really and definitely beautiful; Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, in thin, simple black; and Mrs. John Marriott, in an enviable ermine coat.

A big party at the other end of the room included Lord and Lady Harcourt, the Iain Murrays, and Antony Actons. Our heartiest congratulations to Mrs. Ormonde Lawson-Johnston and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, the chairman and vice-chairman, on what must be the most successful one-night effort for charity during this and almost any other year.

A Relic of the Trip

IN spite of the strike epidemic in Paris, Lady Veronica Hornby and her husband seem to have packed a lot of fun into three or four days there after Whitsun.

We envy her a terrifically chic new bracelet that is a relic of the trip: a wide, flexible gold ribbon, diamond-studded, and fastened with two clots of diamonds. New ideas in gold settings are the last word just now. Gold ornaments are smart for both day and night, and permissible when worn with tweeds and sports clothes.

The Hornbys were at the Rupert Byasses last week-end, spending the day at their delightful Manor Farm House at Windsor.

Poor Celia Byass has been seriously ill, and everyone sympathises with their disappointment about a son and heir. Sir Geoffrey Byass, Mr. Byass's elder brother, has a family of four daughters,

Ball

stone, Mr. John Lycett Bamff was taken at the Grosvenor House. Jean stone's second daughter, Mills in January

The Haugwitz-Reventlow Christening

Count and Countess Court Haugwitz-Reventlow's baby son was christened Lance at the chapel of Marlborough House, where Danish Services have been held since Queen Alexandra's time. The Danish Minister and Countess Ahlefeldt-Laurvig attended; in the picture Mr. Franklyn Hutton is with his son-in-law, daughter and grandson

Signor Borgioli's Party

Signor Dino Borgioli, the Italian tenor who has been singing at Covent Garden, gave a cocktail-party last week. With him is Miss Barbara Palmer, who was playing in "The Reverie of a Policeman," at the Mercury. Signor Borgioli is giving a recital at the Queen's Hall next Tuesday

so their son—when they have one—may inherit the title.

They are a charming and deservedly popular couple, interested in all forms of sport, devoted to each other, and their favourite hobby is genuine hospitality.

"Swapable" Signatures

AFTER the last performance of *Bees on the Boat Deck*, the Priestley play that somehow never got over at the Lyric, we went round behind to see Laurence Olivier and the enchanting Kay Hammond. We found her husband, Ronnie Leon, and Philip Astley in her dressing-room, just returned from a bachelor holiday in France and Spain.

The Astleys' "Castle in Spain" near the Inchcapes' and the Voivodskis', has taken a long time to build, but he hopes it will be ready by the time his lovely film-star wife, Madeleine Carroll, returns from Hollywood.

Laurence Olivier made us laugh by telling us that the most voracious autograph-hunters, having caught their victim, often have *no* idea who he or she is, but attack them on the chance of their being worth while or "swapable" for another signature!

A Best-Dressed Cocktailer

THE gayest and liveliest cocktail-party we have almost ever been to happened at the Florida the other evening.

It was given in honour of Mr. Dwight Fiske, who, in addition to his success as a cabaret artist, has more friends in London, Paris, and New York than is believable—a fact that is apparent by the house-full conditions at the San Marco, where he is appearing.

At the Florida cocktail-party we met four ultra-charming Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mellon, from Pittsburg, who are honeymooning over here, and the young Douglas Dillons. We further decided that Mrs. Beattie Edwards, in a large white Mexican hat and "tailleur" of black net, was the best-dressed woman in that crowded room, and that when Captain Halsey is the host instead of the owner of a place, he certainly knows how to throw a party.

Heartburn in Mayfair

IN a week's time a play is being published which should cause a certain amount of excitement and heartburn in Mayfair.

The play, which is called *Life of a Lady*, is the joint work of Richard Aldington—well-known author of *Death of a Hero* and *All Men Are Enemies*—and Derek Patmore, who, it will be remembered, recently wrote an extremely interesting biography of his great-grandfather, Coventry Patmore.

In view of the fact that the play, like all Mr. Aldington's work, is extremely challenging in its theme, the authors are taking the unusual step of publishing it first—thereby reaching a wider audience.

No Home-Bound Allotments Left

SOME interesting items of travel news have revealed themselves in the past week.

Miss Patricia Lowry Corry, for instance, who is going out to India with the Hon. Eileen Brougham in the autumn, cannot get a cabin in any home-bound ship next spring, because of the enormous advance bookings due to the Coronation!

Also that people in New York are flocking into the Zeppelin, as again the boats, during the next few weeks, are packed out.

Frantic cables reach us from a well-known peer in New York, who is flying home at the end of this month, to try to get allotments in the Zeppelin at this end for would-be travellers. We tried, but the answer was a lemon!

For All Ages

THIS new fashion of giving a dance for all ages, when you have a debutante daughter, is an excellent idea.

The young people enjoy it more, and those "of all ages" certainly have a good time.

Lady Dunn's party for her daughter, Lady Patricia Douglas, was one of the best of the season, several of the hostess's women friends giving dinner-parties and bringing their guests on.

We hear that poor Lady Dunn was inundated for days ahead by people who wanted to bring "a friend of a friend" to what was certain to be an extraordinarily good party, and we admire enormously the dignity with which the embarrassing situation of one gate-crasher was handled.

There were plovers' eggs, completely out of season, supper-rooms and champagne on every floor, and Mayfair's most favourite band.

A Narrow Escape

LADY DUNN looked lovely in a white dress, sapphires, and a dark blue belt to match her jewels; her daughter, who is very pretty, wore pale pink. Miss Diana Bethell, the most admired debutante, was in pale green.

Many people thought Lady Haddington the best-looking woman in the room; Mrs. Julie Thompson, in a white dress with a trail of enormous peonies over one shoulder, the best-dressed.

Mrs. John Dewar, still wearing her dark spectacles, was there. She had a narrow escape of losing her eyesight when she got a smack in the eye with a tennis racket a few weeks ago, but happily there is no permanent injury.

MISS PEEPS

Fans' Day

The Theatrical Garden Party at Regent's Park

"Going for Twenty-Nine Bob!"

Diana Wynyard had Laurence Olivier to help her auction her goods. This summer-dress-in-the-raw stuck for a long time at twenty-nine shillings

Right: Jane Welsh and Nora Swinburne looked decoratively summery. They are both in "The King's Leisure," at Daly's

Douglas Byng was Immaculate in Garden-Party Dress

Photographs by Baron

Above: the champagne-fishing "pond" always had a crowd of intent anglers waggling their rods round its banks

Left: Mike Wilding and Dorothy Dickson worked at another of the side-shows; she is starring in "Spread It Abroad," and he is a promising juvenile in the same show. The Garden Party brought in more money than ever this year for the Actors' Orphanage

Second Thoughts on First Nights

"The Best Laid Schemes—"

"The Fugitives" (Apollo Theatre)

PEOPLE may sometimes complain that Walter Hackett's comedies are too short or too thin—but never too thick!—or that their endings are a bit perfunctory, but at least they are not dull. Ever since that day, over ten years ago, when *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure* took the town by storm, his plays have always received a warm welcome from the public, who are sure of an amusing evening.

The new show at the Apollo is excellent fun and provides Marion Lorne with one of the best parts she has had for a long time, even if the prologue, introducing the early history of the priceless Peralta pearls, seems hardly necessary. However, it serves to spin the play out to the conventional length, and when that is over and done with and the curtain rises on a scene in a present-day Spanish hotel bedroom, with Marion Lorne discovered in bed and fast asleep, the fun really gets going.

This time she is a lady's maid who has stolen not only her mistress's passport but her pearls, and is having a good time on the proceeds of the latter. At least, it *should* have been a good time, but, unfortunately, one of Spain's more bloodthirsty revolutionary outbursts is in full spate, and the crook finds herself rudely awakened by a handsome stranger, one Tracy Eagan (Godfrey Tearle), who chivalrously proposes to rescue her forthwith from the rebels and their guns.

The lady positively revels in the situation until she discovers that friend Eagan is, in fact, a detective sent from Scotland Yard for the express purpose of taking her back to England, home and jug. Then it is that her finest criminal instincts are roused, and like the good crook she hopes she is, she adroitly drugs the detective and escapes in the company of another crook (Edwin Styles), who has been posing as a waiter in the hotel.

They reach an aerodrome, where they try to hire a 'plane to take them to some more healthy spot, and while they are busy doing so, Pamela Beaumont (Phyllis Dare), who, from the highest possible motives, is trying to smuggle the famous Peralta jewels out of the country, tacks herself on to them. The many different schemes to effect this are frustrated by that tireless but troublesome sleuth Eagan, who has turned up at the airport almost offensively fresh and hearty after his dose of dope.

MARION LORNE forthwith indulges in those disarming flutterings of hers which, as usual, hide a Machiavellian astuteness, for it is not long before she annexes the jewels and juggles so deftly with them that it is impossible to say where they are from one moment to the next.

The little party is finally taken aboard a small British cargo boat which is skippered by a delightful old sea-dog, Capt. William Bowden (Spencer Trevor), whose barque is worse than his bight. And it is a matter for regret that he appears so late in the proceedings as a great deal more of him would not have been too much. The order is full steam ahead for England, when the ship is suddenly stopped by a Spanish gunboat which, in some miraculous way, is captained by the waiter-crook. This mysterious gentleman is once again foiled by the artful maid, who appears to have all the luck.

The gallant detective Eagan, rather than surrender his prisoner to the dogs of Spain, persuades the dear old sea-captain to marry them out of hand so that the crook and he may proceed to England as man and wife. It is a little difficult to imagine exactly what he will do with her and what he will tell his superiors on reaching Scotland Yard once more, and how he will break her of her attacks of—shall we say?—kleptomania, which might prove embarrassing when found in the wife of a scion of the C.I.D.

Innocent Marion Lorne rifles the jewel-box while the others argue

Swashbucklers, 1936 and 1636: Captain Bowden (Spencer Trevor) and Black Jack Peralta (Godfrey Tearle)

Sketches by Rouson

Steadfast Phyllis Dare refuses to disclose anything to Spanish Captain Edwin Styles

Anthony

Leonide Massine in "Scheherazade"

Massine and the rest of the de Basil company (with the London Philharmonic as orchestra) are back at Covent Garden; their opening night was on Monday. They have an even more exciting repertoire this year than last, with three new ballets and some important revivals. Massine's third symphonic ballet will be seen for the first time (more controversy for balletomanes and musicians); Berlioz' *Symphonie Fantastique* has given him the music and the title. *Midnight Sun, Cimarosiana, Les Facheux, Pulcinella* and *Jardin Publique*, the last with revised choregraphy, are the Massine revivals, *Midnight Sun* being the first ballet he composed for Diaghileff in 1915. As before, Massine is principal dancer, maître de ballet, and artistic collaborator with de Basil

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE musical names of Mr. Vergottis, Mr. Manousso, and Mr. Gabela, wafting a memory of blue skies and spicy breezes into the otherwise drab report of the Budget Leakage Commission, chime in our mind's ear still after a re-reading of that somewhat historic document, though they were not among the star representatives of what the *Times* admirably called " the anxious sons of Mammon." We know a man who is setting the Report to music as a symphonic poem, following Schaunard in the *Vie de Bohème*, who (as you remember) set a pamphlet on the Sugar Industry for voice and pianoforte one night when drunk. The libretto of the Report isn't much more knotty than one or two of Richard Strauss's, and his languorous motif for wood-wind in the Mixto-Lydian mode introducing the passage :

> Mr. Vergottis passed the information he had received to Mr. Gabela, who effected an insurance of £500 next day at 20 guineas for a Miss Dummett. . . .

exhales the very soul of the perfumed Levant.

To judge exactly how historic this swift and ruthless document really is, incidentally, ask your Aunt Rosalind about the Marconi shares hubbub, a few years before the war. The massed citizenry rocked with horror and indignation at the foul suggestion, made by Cecil Chesterton in the *New Witness*, that Ministers of the Crown could take advantage of their position to enrich themselves in the share-market. Unless our Aunt was lying to us, there was a libel action and the traducers were punished. There 's probably a moral somewhere, but as we 're writing in a Turkish bath we 're too hot to worry.

Yoo Hoo, Hadjis !

RESTING a moment from their most recent activities in the way of arson, murder, rape, sacrilege, torture, and robbery, of which the outer world has not yet heard one-fifth, the Spanish Reds are going æsthetic and hastily restoring the great Mosque at Cordova, the Mezquita Aljama, while the Left still remains in power. (Not that the Moors did anything for Spain worth speaking of. Louis Bertrand and others have pointed out that their most vaunted architecture is the work of Christian captives. However—.) There was a Visigothic shrine on the site long before the Moors came. Then in the reign of Charles V. the present Renaissance cathedral was built in the middle of the Mosque's oasis. The Reds have their workmen on the job now, beginning to put that to rights.

Nobody pretends that a perfect artistic job was made of the transformation. Charles V. himself summoned the Chapter of his time and told them off severely for spoiling some unique work. But what is interesting is that the *Times*, the maiden aunt of the Establishment and British Conservative respectability, printed an article on this business recently of a singular smugness, tacitly approving her little Red friends' activity. It may be that the old beezle is really a Mahometan at heart, like so many of our leading thinkers. If so, why doesn't she come out boldly and organise a dervish-dance to celebrate it ?

Playboy

" CONGRESSMAN ZIONCHECK ruined my home, called me vile names, and stood on me," complained a Mrs. Benjamin Young to the Washington police last week. It appeared that while Mr. Zioncheck stood on her prostrate form he was hurling empty bottles and typewriters through the window of his wrecked apartment, whooping madly. Only a couple of weeks before, this vivacious legislator, then on his honeymoon, was pelting the Porto Ricans with coconuts from a balcony. Doesn't it make the goings-on of our own Parliamentary playboys seem pretty drab ? The most daring thing we 've ever seen a British M.P. do, after a big City luncheon, was to put on somebody else's bowler hat in the gents' cloak-room and dance a jig, after which he fell down and was removed in a cab. The wittier ones occasionally create fun by sitting on each other's hats, which makes the House rock with laughter each time, but how tepid, how childish compared with the inventive brio of Mr. Zioncheck !

We bitterly lack the Heflins and " Kingfish " and Big Bill Thompsons and suchlike sons of the big open spaces who enliven proceedings under the Capitol dome. We lack even that type of comedian *malgré lui* they get occasionally in the Chambre des Députés—*e.g.*, M. Paul-Boncour, who thinks he is Robespierre (and has been duly nicknamed " Robespierrot " by the implacable Daudet), and the deputy of the Right who used a little time ago to introduce every speech with a solemn naval salute all round. We certainly lack the fighting South American type also. The babble is much the same in every legislature and equally to no discoverable end, purport, or conclusion. Why not therefore amuse the citizenry as well ? Mentioning no names, there 's a lot of grumbling about our old playmate, A. P. Herbert, a definitely-labelled comic who as yet hasn't even turned up at Westminster with a red nose. Except when somebody sits on his hat or strikes a note of stark reality by

". . . and it looks beautiful when it 's dirty"

accident, our M.P. boys have nothing to laugh at whatever, still less the voting masses.

Hark! The Lark!

GREATLY admiring, one of the gossip-boys remarked of an eminent politician the other day that he rose at seven, "as usual," and was at his desk by half-past. And what (we hear you cry, nostrils twitching eagerly and ears a-flap) for? Unaware ourselves of any possible reason why modern politicians should get up early, we've made inquiries. We find there are two classes of statesmen: (1) those who employ a stuffed figure for early desk-work, themselves wallowing joyfully in bed till noon or thereabouts (or even all day long, since few people care either way); and (2) those who rise sternly at seven and work out newspaper puzzles—*e.g.*, "Find the missing letters in L-ND-N, P-R-S, B-RL-N." Class 2 are the more conscientious, but Class 1 have the better time, rolling to and fro in the blankets and laughing like blazes. ("Roll up that map of Europe!" said the Elder Pitt gruffly one day when he saw the jolly red face of the Younger Pitt quizzing him across the eiderdown at about 4 p.m. "Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées," retorted Junior merrily, wiggling the tassel of his night-cap. "Cease this drivel!" roared the Elder Pitt. "It is better to drivel happily than to deride," was the riposte of the merry younger politician as he snuggled down once more. End of well-known anecdote.)

Of two typical major politicians of a past generation, which would you admire the more—Gladstone, who habitually got up early, or Gambetta, who stayed in bed singing "Allons, enfants de la patrie, le jour des poires est arrivé"? Who spoke most words? Eh? Write to your M.P. about it.

Crisis

DEBUNKING Hollywood in a manly and energetic manner, Sidney Bernstein, British film mogul, remarked to Paul Holt, film critic, that he couldn't buy a Union Jack anywhere in that phony Paradise, where the food and many of the inhabitants are completely tasteless. Two things struck us as curious about this pronouncement: (1) that there should be any shortage in California of Union Jacks of all sizes and prices, seeing the Japanese factories are relatively near; and (2) that the large British colony at Hollywood couldn't or wouldn't lend Mr. Bernstein one of theirs. We then remembered that they have only one decent-sized Union Jack, which is used for wrapping at the last moment round British scenario-writers about to be executed, rightly or wrongly, by Sam Goldwyn's Iron Division. This dramatic intervention often saves their lives. So occasionally does C. Aubrey Smith's favourite cricket bat, held aloft in emergency by the prisoner with head high and eyes aflame. Grinding their teeth, the executioners fall back before that Island Symbol, baffled. In only one case has Mr. Smith's bat proved ineffective. The execution was held after a big party, and the doomed scenario-writer tried to wrap the bat round him. The rifles then spoke, the body fell, and the crowd dispersed.

"Well, Jack—here's mud in your eye!"

This Week's Good Cause

TALKING of bats: tall, erect, aquiline, white-haired, dignified, handsome C. B. Fry appeared on the newsreel screens last week, demonstrating correct strokes and looking like a splendid archbishop in flannels. We had with us a man who lives in Paris and is wholly corrupt and subject to every kind of Continental influence. As we went out he mumblingly confessed to us that that same morning he had told a lie. He said he thought nothing of it till he saw Mr. Fry's bat making exquisite cuts and hooks. Then Conscience awoke, and with it a memory of the Old School Chapel, and the Head's grave voice from the pulpit appealing to him to stand up to the ball and never, never to drop the shoulders. He was sincerely affected.

It won't last, of course. He's gone back to Paris and he probably still intends to

die there, which, as Canon Chasuble remarked, hardly points to any very serious state of mind at the last. He 's probably telling another lie at this very moment, or even cheating at cards, like Barrington in the poem, whose broken-hearted father expelled him to Africa (as you remember) with these words :

" Take as my parting gift, ungrateful brat,
This little model of a Crooked Bat."

If anybody interested in a genuine case would care to send us a few good books by Archbishop Fry and Bishop Jardine, or even an autograph or thumb-print of Archdeacon Hobbs, we 'll forward them at once.

Tzigane

CLASHING our barbaric gold ear-rings, flashing our wolf-like teeth, uttering a hoarse " Olé ! " we read in our favourite children's newspaper that three of our Romany brothers have been awarded a certificate and a parcel of groceries each for tidiness on Epsom Downs. By this time our brethren of Seville must be dancing a congratulatory farruca all over the Triana. Throughout the Balkans the gay wild fiddles are athrob, and the gipsy Conchita Perez, pausing awhile from tormenting her newest lover, leans over with a proud laugh and bites his hand off neatly just above the wrist. Such a rapprochement between the Romany and the Gorgio we 'd hardly dreamed of. We knew the British Gorgio was terribly keen on picking up bits of paper, egg-shells, orange-peel, and other litter in a tidy way. His womenfolk—Aie ! the maddening beauty of his womenfolk ! Their grace ! Their dainty feet ! Their dazzling pince-nez !—we 've often seen at it, hounding on droves of Boy Scouts with shrill cries. (*Santisima !* The beauty of their voices !) Our only reaction was to bite our lip, repressing a furious urge to sling them across our saddle-bow and away into the Sierra. There was a vicar's wife,

" Goodness gracious, Major — I 'd no idea you even played croquet ! "

" But what am I gonna tell the kid ? "

we remember. . . . Sangre de nuestro corazón, a snug hussy ! But we have an old gipsy proverb which says : " There are no birds in the nests of yesteryear," and the wind on the heath has swept away those pangs long since. Ay jaleo ! and a fig for memory ! Our three brethren of Epsom have won certificates for picking up bits of paper, and the Romany Nation rejoices.

Fish to You, Too

THE discovery of Dr. Bela Farkas of Budapest that fish can hear doesn't seem to us to get anybody much further. We know fish who can not only hear but speak, write, sing, legislate, dance, act, organise charity bazaars, float companies, play cricket, and fulfil their being in a hundred different ways. (Eighty per cent. of the trash pouring weekly from publishers is notoriously the work of fish.) We saw a lovely golden fish on the films the other night, passing through a thousand emotional crises with not a single change of expression. The same evening a very lordly financial fish stood us a drink at the Savoy, his gills crimson with importance and well-being. The influence of fish is everywhere, and, alas, not always for good.

Many leaders of modern thought, indeed, recognise this. Have you ever heard of the kindly uplift worker who sent a porpoise to a leading actress ? " One *must* have one in life," he wrote, simply but finely.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Shop Girls

Socialites Who'll Sell You a Hat or a Dress

Miss Mary Irwin

Sells hats in a Davies Street shop. She is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. T. S. Irwin, of Justicetown, one of Cumberland's show places

Miss Linette Warren

Linette Warren is standing outside the hat shop where she earns her weekly wage. She is the daughter of Capt. Guy Warren, R.N. Is just about to take her pilot's certificate

Miss Susan Bligh

Is a Bruton Street mannequin. Daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Noel Bligh, and sister of one of the new Television Girls

Mrs. Freddie Clifford

Works in a Grosvenor Street dress shop. Was Diana Kingsmill and is Mrs. Redmond McGrath's eldest daughter

Mrs. Bridget Smith-Dorrien

Is one of the loveliest of Mayfair's shop girls. She sells dresses in Bruton Street. Was Bridget Liddell

Miss Elyse King

Left: Elyse King, daughter of Mrs. S. Keppel King, is leaving "trade" when she marries Captain Charles Brassey-Thorne. Now works in Grosvenor Street

Miss Alison Campbell

Is an exception to the hat-and-dress rule; makes wrought-iron ornaments. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Campbell; came out in 1932

Miss Dorothy North

Is another Bruton Street mannequin. Is twenty-one, granddaughter of Lord North and daughter of the late Hon. Dudley North

Mrs. Frances James

Has a hat shop of her own in Davies Street. Is elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. James and a sister of Charles James, fashionable dress-designer

Miss Diana Mainwaring

Is yet another of Bruton Street's decorative saleswomen. She is Lady Mainwaring's elder daughter — twenty-two this year

Miss Elizabeth Bevan

Is a 1936 debutante but has already started work and has a hat-selling job

Miss Alex Seymour

Works in Knightsbridge for a change. Is twenty-two and a granddaughter of Lady Portsea

Miss Anne Tritton

Is another ex-debutante who works instead of doing nothing all day. Is Mrs. H. Tritton's daughter

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 25

Eric Tyrrell-Martin

I AM afraid that Hurlingham will see little or nothing after this season of Eric Tyrrell-Martin, the excessively good-looking captain of the English polo team in the Westchester International Cup matches. As it is, he lives for nine months in the year at Del Monte, where he is a member of the syndicate, runs the polo and the two golf courses, entertains lavishly for his partners, and is generally in charge of all the sports, including the lawn tennis. For on his return at the end of the summer he is going to live out there permanently. Born in Yorkshire, and connected with the wool trade, Eric Tyrrell-Martin went to Rugby and Cambridge (where he naturally captained the polo team) before joining the 16th Hussars. After four years of the Army, however, he made California his headquarters. To-day he is the most improved polo player in Great Britain, with a handicap of eight and a reputation for being the most consistent member of any team with which he plays. Actually he did not learn to ride until he was twelve years old, and yet he can turn the greenest pony into a class animal in a shorter time than anyone else in the world. On the polo field he plays anywhere with equal success, his chief characteristic being that he has no nerves whatever. You might almost call him *too* phlegmatic. But it is just that quality in him which made his selection as captain ideal. He is always the lynch-pin of any side with which he plays. So many class players can be either quite brilliant or simply terrible—and nobody knows which it will be five minutes beforehand.

ERIC TYRRELL-MARTIN does not train very seriously, but he hits the ball a hell of a tonk, and then gallops after it like blazes. Which is just what you want nowadays, when science has gone out of the game, and pretty, hockey-like passes are quite out of date. True, he does not usually eat lunch before a big match, but that is only reasonable. In his opinion, Tommy Hitchcock (Junior) is the finest player the game has ever seen, while Cecil Smith, over here now with the Texas Rangers, comes next. Last year and the year before, Tyrrell-Martin played for the Panthers. Previously he blazed the polo trail in Antwerp, Budapest, and Vienna, with Louis Rothschild's team. Brioni knows him, too, and, indeed, he was challenged to a duel there. Once, for the Del Monte team, he shot ten goals against San Francisco, but he finds that polo is bad for his golf, at which his handicap is six. His wife, to whom he is devoted, is probably his severest critic; and though she knew nothing about it when she married him seven years ago, she is unquestionably the leading authority on polo among women to-day. What else? Well, just before the first of the matches last Wednesday, he made various bets on England's chances, and told me that if we were beaten it would be purely because the Americans are better athletes and hit the ball harder. For our ponies are every bit as fast as theirs, even if, perhaps, they are not so experienced.

Charles Graves

Gutmann

Miss Mary Ormsby-Gore—July Bride

Miss Mary Ormsby-Gore announced her engagement in February to Mr. Ronald F. Campbell, the only son of Mr. R. H. Campbell, British Minister at Belgrade, and Mrs. Campbell, and has now chosen the morning of July 7th, and the Church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, as the time and place for her wedding. She is the eldest daughter of the Rt. Hon. William Ormsby-Gore, the new Colonial Secretary, and Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore, and a granddaughter of Lord and Lady Harlech on her father's and of the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury on her mother's side. She is twenty-two this year

Films of the Day

Something for Everybody

By George Campbell

ASSUMING, a little rashly, that all runners stay the distance, and are still in the field when these notes appear, this week offers something for everybody. There is a first-rate comedy thriller, *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford*, built after the formula of *The Thin Man*, with William Powell doing his stuff again as the doctor who loves a quiet life but keeps falling over bodies. There is another American thriller, *Thirteen Hours by Air*, which for ingenuity of construction and gripping incident will hardly be beaten this year.

THERE is a light comedy, *Petticoat Fever*, with Bob Montgomery playing opposite Myrna Loy. There is a sob-story for the sentimental, *Next Time We Live*, starring Margaret Sullavan. And if you like your heroines even younger, able to wrestle, quarrel, kiss and make up without a word, you can see the Misses Dionne, all five of them, in *The Country Doctor*. There is even something special for the highbrow—*Die Ewige Maske* (*The Eternal Mask*), showing what happens when you forget who you are and rival practitioners of Freudian and conservative techniques start having fun with you, one school so gently persuasive, the other slapping you on the back and exhorting you, in ringing tones, to pull your socks up and be a man. Both excellent, in their way, no doubt; but on the whole I 'd rather keep what 's left of my memory.

IN *The Thin Man*, as you will remember, Mr. Powell was supported by the enchanting Miss Loy. Miss Loy, unfortunately, fell out with M.-G.-M., who couldn't see eye to eye with her in the matter of salary, and for the time being they parted company. Rosalind Russell took her place in *Rendezvous*, very pleasingly, I thought. Now, in *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford*, Mr. Powell has Jean Arthur.

Jean Arthur Is Now Opposite William Powell

Jean Arthur has replaced Myrna Loy as William Powell's leading lady in "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford"—a film that one can't help comparing to "The Thin Man" for its style of murderous fun. Mr. Powell is at his best in this Radio film; it went to the Carlton last week

Miss Arthur's career has in some respects run parallel to Miss Loy's. Both were regarded for years as unsympathetic. Was a foreign vamp required? The call automatically went out for Myrna Loy. Or a gold-digger, of hard eye and feline disposition? Send for Jean Arthur. Somehow Miss Loy persuaded somebody at M.-G.-M. to give her a break, and now Jean Arthur too has shown that you can't keep a naturally good girl down. She first gave a hint of her quality as Chester Morris's tough girl friend, always trying to get a lift, in *Public Hero No. 1*. In *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford* she reveals herself as a polished comedienne, charming, natural, and witty.

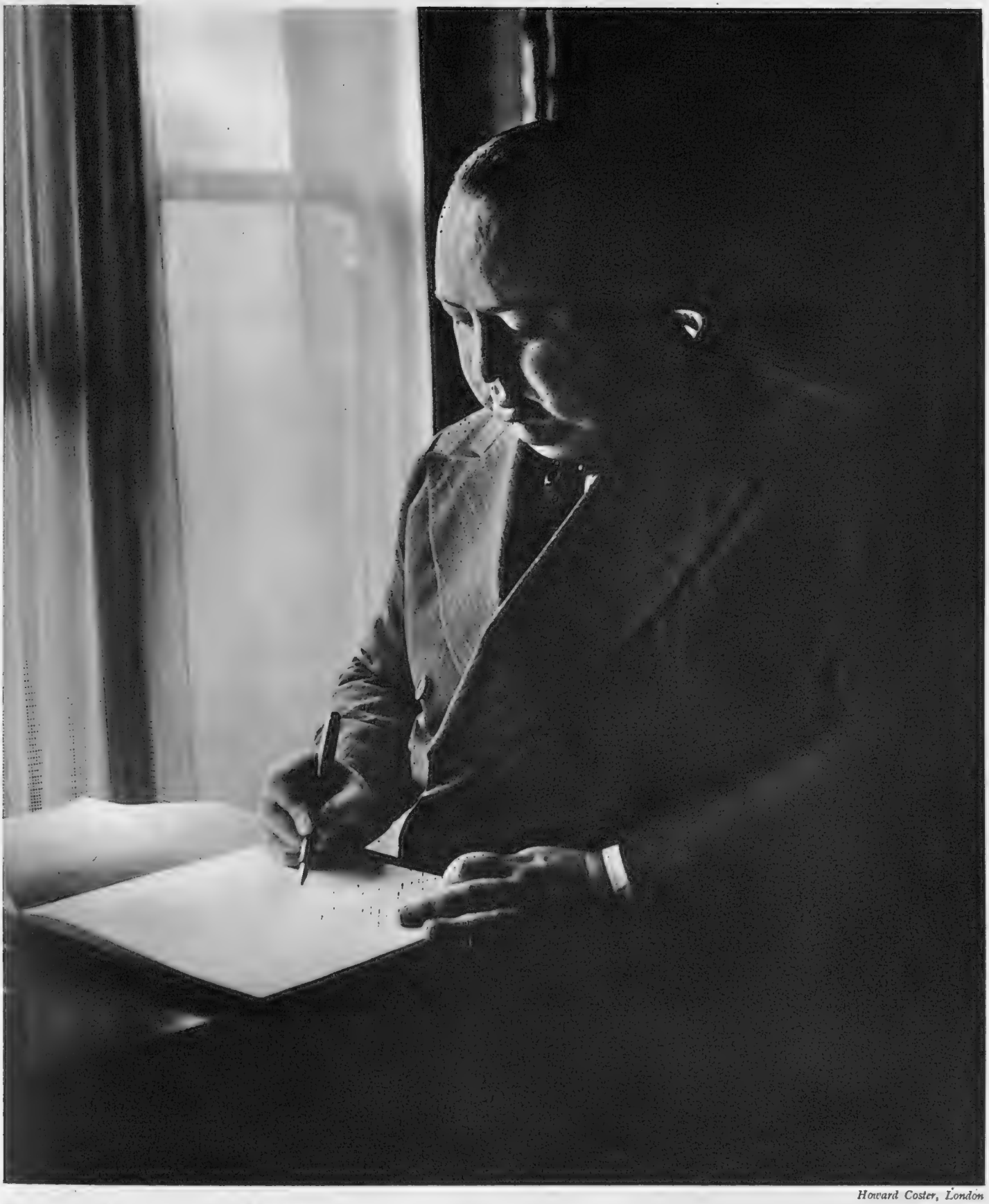
When I say "witty," I am aware, of course, that in every film or play the wit must first be injected by the script-writer—or, more frequently, writers. But there are some players in whose mouths the best dialogue sounds lifeless; others (just a few) who have the priceless knack of adding something of their own—a little extra flavouring, a sauce piquante, that makes all the difference between a meal and a masterpiece. Miss Arthur is one of them.

"THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD" is well acted and well directed throughout—and needs to be. The plot could easily have been reduced to nonsense. It is not easy these days to have bodies falling through doors and out of beds without getting a laugh: the trick has been done too often; audiences—in the West End, at any rate—are pretty hard-boiled. Nor is it easy to have a jockey murdered at the moment of victory by a spider—known by the sinister name of the Black Widow—without inviting what Shaftesbury Avenue calls a raspberry and Broadway a Bronx cheer. In *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford* the acting and dialogue are so natural that they get away with it. And while we are on the subject of Black Widow spiders, it would be interesting to know whether the young man accused of murdering his wife in California with these unpleasant creatures got his idea from the film or the similarity of technique was just a coincidence. Not very *simpatico*, in any case.

"THIRTEEN HOURS BY AIR" is perhaps even better. Essentially the plot is formula. How many times have we seen a group of people shut up together on a ship, or train, or desert island, and watched their reactions to each other? But what matters is the treatment, and in *Thirteen Hours by Air* the writing, direction, and acting are all so fresh and strong that the story never for a moment becomes "hammy." This time the world in microcosm is one of America's great trans-continental 'planes. Here, thrust upon each other, are amorous pilot and pretty girl, small boy with a passion for practical jokes, and his ineffectual nurse (ZaSu Pitts), and two mysterious fellows who watch each other like dog and cat. One of these turns out to be a bandit making his getaway; the other is a G-man. The bandit starts shooting, and takes charge, and if you can watch the rest of the picture without feeling a quickened pulse and clammy hands, you 're a duller dog than I am, Gunga Din.

MITCHELL LEISEN'S direction is strong and taut; there are some agreeable comedy interludes when the pilot finds his most romantic passages with the heroine (the engaging Joan Bennett) interrupted by high-spirited blondes who greet him with whoops of delight, loving embraces and reminiscences which are, in the circumstances, embarrassing; and the acting is first-class all round. If Fred MacMurray goes on like this he will soon be my favourite young actor after Gary Cooper, and you must not miss the performances of Alan Baxter (remember him as the gunman in *Mary Burns, Fugitive*?) and Brian Donlevy, the actor who made his name on Broadway in light comedy and found himself cast in Hollywood as "Knuckles," the ruthless killer in Sam Goldwyn's *Barbary Coast*.

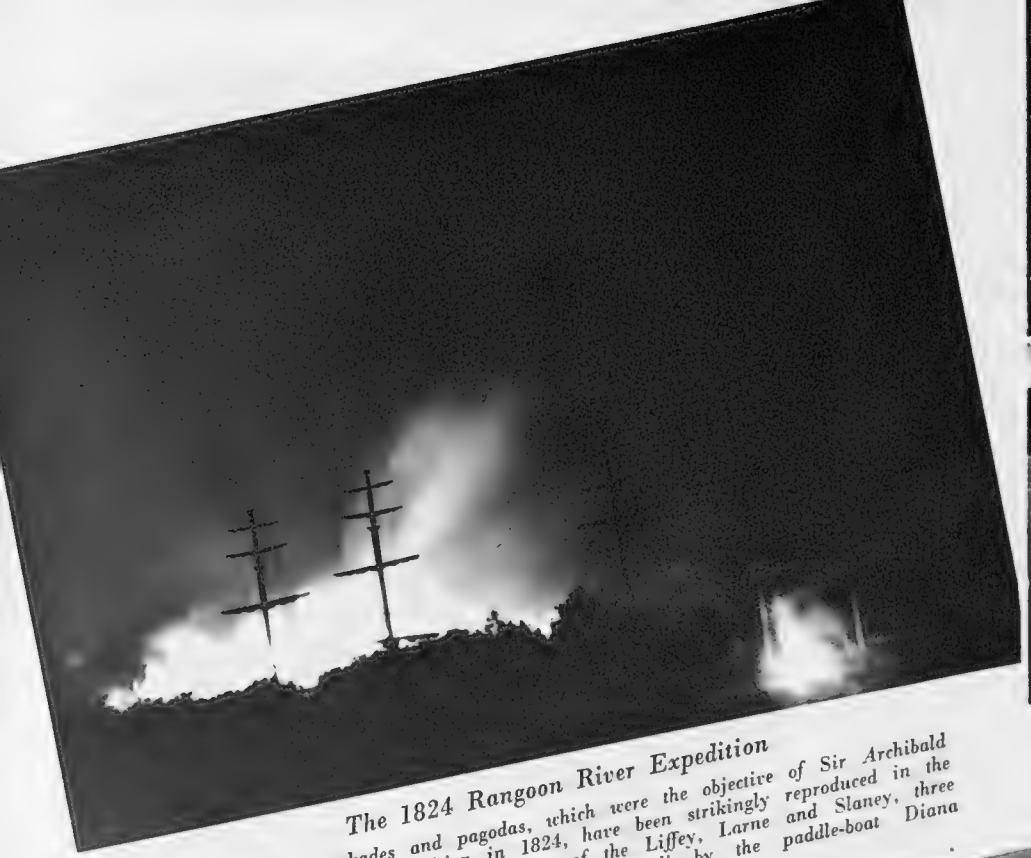
If only we had America's apparently inexhaustible supply of these virile, talented young men! But as well wish for pansies in December.



Howard Coster, London

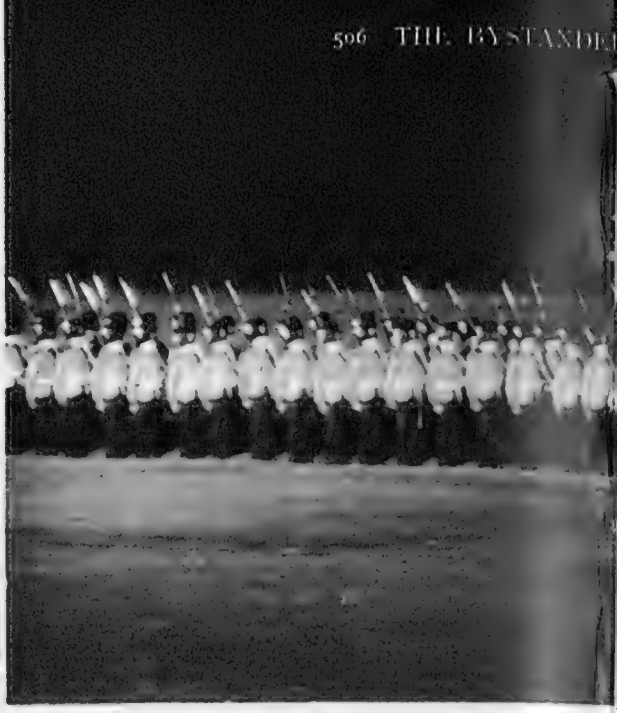
Alfred Hitchcock Makes Suspense His Business

Alfred Hitchcock has no rival this side of the Atlantic as a director of film "thrillers"; he can create a suspense situation to leave an audience faint with holding its breath. His direction of the kind of sinister character that Peter Lorre so incomparably plays is equally inspired. If the boundaries of film contracts permitted, how terrifying a combination he and Charles Laughton might be. . . . Hitchcock was born in 1899 at Leytonstone, in Essex, and started work as a technical clerk in an engineering firm, but when he was twenty-one he 'd found the film business and a job in the editorial department of Famous Players-Lasky. He became an art director and assistant producer, and then, in 1925, a director on his own. Two years ago he joined Gaumont-British and directed one of the best films England has produced—*The Man Who Knew Too Much*. *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and *Secret Agent* followed, and now he is working on *Sabotage*, a film version of a Conrad story, with Sylvia Sidney as one of the stars. His wife is Alma Reville, who works with him as scenario writer; he has one small daughter, and a house in Surrey. And he himself thinks his six best films have been *The Lodger* and *The Ring*, both silent; *Blackmail*, *Juno and the Paycock*, *Murder* and *The Man Who Knew Too Much*



The 1824 Rangoon River Expedition

The Burmese stockades and pagodas, which were the objective of Sir Archibald Campbell's Rangoon expedition in 1824, have been strikingly reproduced in the Rushmoor Arena. So have the masts of the Liffey, Larne and Slaney, three troopships which were towed up the Irawadi by the paddle-boat Diana



Red-Coats in

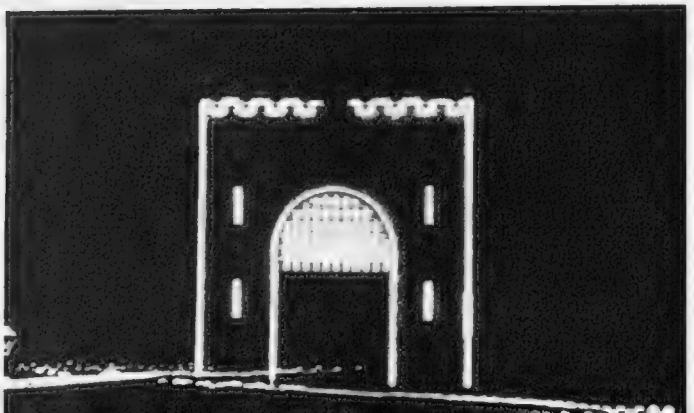
The Aldersl

A Long-Dis
On Rushmoor

EACH year since its post-war has attracted bigger audien of the ten items in the 1936 longer than last year's, bring bet Rushmoor's eleven-acre arena. below, is the big pageant of Edward I.'s astute concession to a ruler speaking neither English n his heir, newly-born in Caernary

Rushmoor's Footlights are Searchlights

Rows and rows of seats stretching into the darkness show what numbers of spectators the eight days' Tattoo has to deal with. These pictures were taken ten days ago during a rehearsal, and in another four days all those chairs will have to be put away again until 1937. On the right is Caernarvon Castle's portcullis and castellated battlements picked out in light above the "evolution with lanterns" item



Photographs by Baron

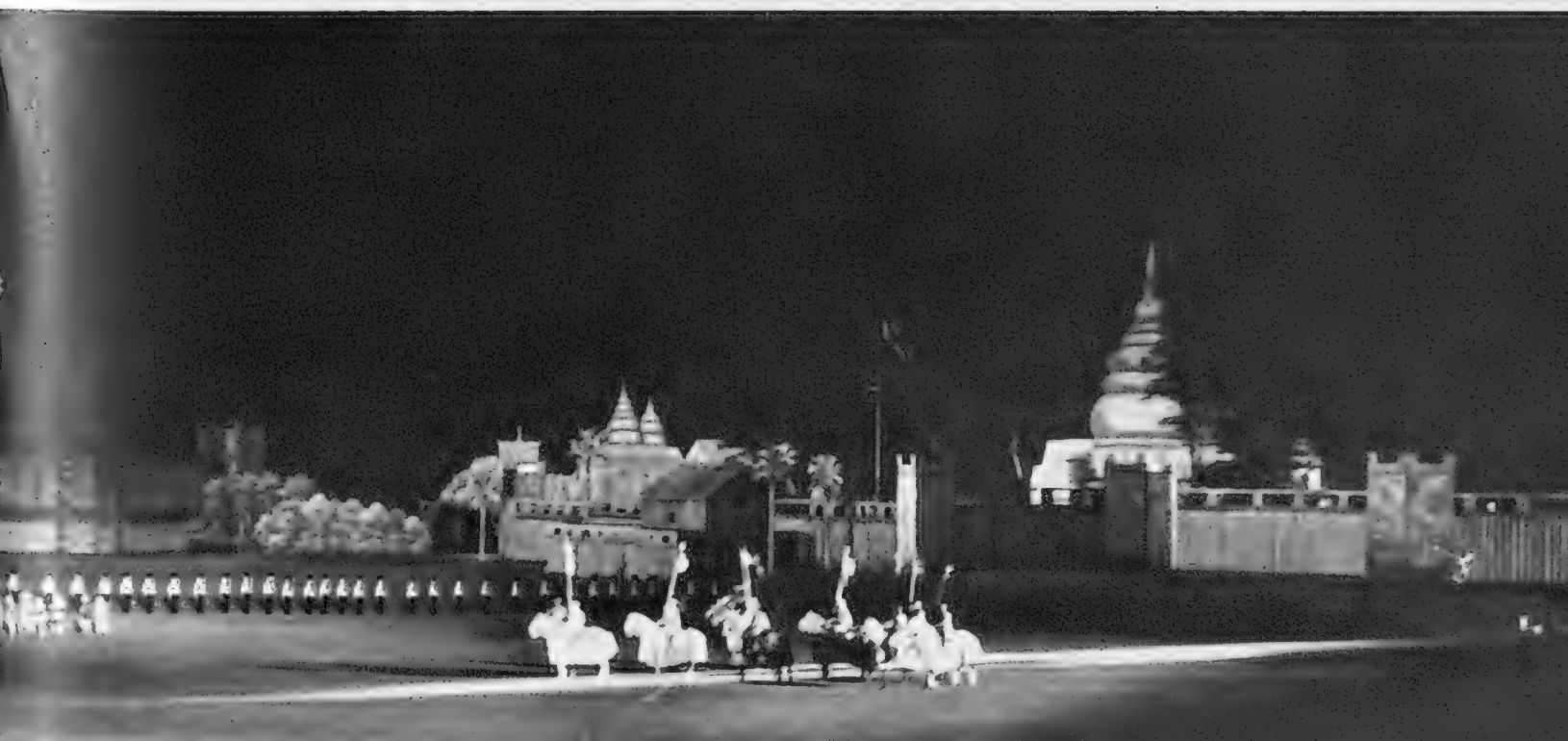
Looking through the long-distance lens like lines of lead soldiers, the massed bands, backed by a regiment of torch-bearers (below), and the column of red-coated infantry (left) form part of the breath-taking ten items which make up the 1936 Tattoo. Dominating the whole thing is the life-size replica of Caernarvon Castle, seen below at the back. The promoters of the Tattoo have introduced mounted bandsmen this year to join the huge infantry bands which usually make the Rushmoor neighbourhood tremble

he Arena

ıot Tattoo

ance Lens
Rehearsals

ception, the Aldershot Tattoo s with its bigger show. Six ttoo, which lasts two days een 1500 and 5000 men into ıe last-but-one item, seen the evening; it represents ıe Welsh chiefs who demanded Freneh, when he gave them n Castle, as Prince of Wales



Stalin and the Emperor of Japan

The Emperor of Abyssinia and Mussolini

Celebrities in Toast

A New Kind of Sculpture from An American Snack Counter

STONE, marble, wood, snow and butter have provided the raw material for greater and lesser sculptors up to now; the loaf is something new. The discoverer of this peculiar medium for his art is an American—Louis Strakes. He and his two brothers run a sandwich counter on Seventy-Sixth Street, New York. Between cutting one sandwich and another, Mr. Strakes works on his bread-and-toast statues, using a breadknife to carve with, toothpicks to hold body and limbs together, a burnt matchstick for the more delicate shading. Toast must be modelled while it 's hot and pliable, and mistakes can't be corrected once it 's cool, so the sculptor has to work fast and with exactitude. Five or six slices of bread make the pedestals, crusts make swords, sticks and umbrella-handles; English muffins came handy for Haile Selassie's hat. Sometimes toast is burnt black and then scraped for broad shading effects. The finished statue and pedestal stands a foot high. And it 's said that examples of Mr. Strakes' work have got as far as the War Office in London

Professor Einstein and Hitler

Below: *Louis Strakes and His Statuary*

Below: *President and Mrs. Roosevelt*

Anthony

Natalie Leslie—"Ideal Sylphide"

It was Fokine who described this young dancer as "one of the ideal Sylphides," and it is the poetical beauty of her dancing in the Chopin ballet that has won her her success at the Alhambra. She was photographed in *Spectre de la Rose*; *Carnaval* gives her another of her solo parts with René Blum's company. She is nineteen years old, a Russian born in Leningrad; in spite of her surname, a legacy from one of the many Scottish migrants to Russia in Peter the Great's day, she speaks practically no English. Both her mother, who was with Diaghileff's company, and her grandmother were dancers. She herself trained with Preobajenska in Paris. She came to London for the first time last year in Woizikowsky's company, the Ballets Russes de Paris

The Low Road

A Camera Study by Norman Parkinson

"Bystander" Short Story No. 42

In the Garden

By Walter Brooks

WE sat that evening, as was the custom in that great house on the Sound, among the neat lawns and decorous borders and hedges of the garden.

"I love Nature," Mrs. Mallison Murchard was wont to assert simply. And we, as her guests, found it becoming to love Nature too. So we exclaimed over the rare plants that had been brought, packed in damp moss, from foreign lands and imprisoned by gardeners in plots of alien soil, and we commended the indifferent roses, and even bestowed our approval on the modest native flowers. And some of us went so far as to encourage the sunset, although that was not strictly a part of Mrs. Mallison Murchard's garden at all. Then Mr. Mallison Murchard and two other gentlemen sent for putters, and they went into another corner of the garden and played clock golf, and the rest of us sat in deep willow chairs about the central pool, in which was a merry little fountain, and it was very pleasant.

"I like to surround myself," Mrs. Mallison Murchard often said, "with people who are doing things."

We were none of us at that moment doing anything at all. But that, of course, was not her meaning. Indeed, she would have been greatly displeased if we had all suddenly surrounded her and started to do things. We were to do them, but not when we were her guests. And some of us had done things. There was a poet, none of whose verses I had ever seen. But he looked like a poet. And there was an old gentleman with white hair who was a banker, and a young gentleman with no hair to speak of who was a rising corporation lawyer. Perhaps he had risen so fast that his hair had been literally blown off. I do not know. Then there was Mr. Herbert Bashwater, the artist and conversationalist, and there was a gentleman who looked like Rodin. He, I believe, had never done anything else, but most of us thought that was enough.

Of the ladies less is to be said. Of those who were wives, some were famous for the domestic virtues and some had cultivated other qualities. But there was a lady novelist, and a former anti-suffrage leader who was going into politics.

As I had been asked because I was Mrs. Mallison Murchard's cousin, it was unnecessary for me to attend to the conversation. Besides, Mr. Bashwater was attending to it. And so I leaned comfortably back in my chair. The grass beneath my feet was as smooth as a rug, and the hedge beside was as flat as a wall, and the shrubs and bushes had been carved by the gardeners' shears into shapes that might well represent tables and chairs. Only a ceiling was needed to make that garden as truly a room as any in the great house behind us. For that garden had not grown; it had been built.

"It is wonderful," said Mrs. Mallison Murchard, "what peace one can draw from communing with the heart of Nature. I am sure that without my garden I should be frightfully irritable and depressed."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Bashwater, "the Greeks knew that so well." And he went on at some length concerning the nature myths of the Greeks, and from the Greeks he proceeded to the Celts, and from the Celts to the Indians, and I did not know where he would end.

SO I withdrew myself spiritually from the company, and I let my eyes rest on the patch of ragged woodland that limits the garden on the east. Well I knew those gnarled and unkempt trees, the tangled thickets that no pruning knife had ever trimmed, the wandering paths, soft with leaf-mould, over which no rake had ever passed. I knew the gloom of solemn aisles, where brown trunks arched upward to break in green spray far overhead; I knew the secret sun-dappled glades and the mysterious hidden places where even the birds are silent, and strange creatures move, furtive but indifferent, behind the close-woven screen of leaves.

But that strip of woodland was an annoyance to Mrs. Mallison Murchard. She had tried to buy it of the farmer who owned it, but he would not sell, and then she had tried to ignore it, but that, too, was impossible. For the woodland was always encroaching on the garden. The trees stretched out gaunt, greedy arms over the turf and no grass would grow in their shadow, but trailing creepers and untidy bushes and weeds crept continually and imperceptibly out to replace it, and though the gardeners fought valiantly they could never win a decisive victory. And so, although I had visited that woodland many times, I kept my knowledge of it from Mrs. Mallison Murchard.

"I have sometimes thought," said Mr. Bashwater, "that I should have gone out into the waste places and lived as a hermit. For it is only the highly sophisticated that can truly value simplicity. And there is that in me, too, that hears the call."

IN the garden the very shadows were sharp-angled and orderly in the waning sunlight, but at the edge of the woods they were fantastically broken among the millions of leaves, so that the wall of trees and bushes was like an exquisitely patterned tapestry. And I was pleasing my eyes with this pattern when I became suddenly aware that it had moved—that it was shifting and reforming. And then the leaves were

(*Concluded on page* 512)

Sketch by Clark Fay

I pondered his words and watched the shadowy figures moving on the edge of the garden

In the Garden *(Continued from page 511)*

pushed aside and a unicorn stepped daintily out upon the lawn.

He pawed the grass curiously, and as he bent his head the slender horn gleamed silver-white in the level sun-rays. I had never seen a unicorn anywhere on Long Island before, and I suppose my face betrayed my surprise.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Mallison Murchard in alarm, and they all turned and looked.

The unicorn arched his neck, pranced a few steps sideways like a kitten, then stopped short and shook his head at us. He was a very young unicorn and he wanted to play.

For a few moments no one spoke, but they seemed to be aware of nothing unusual, although they were looking straight at the unicorn. Then Mr. Bashwater, to whom a silence was irresistible, spoke.

"As I was saying, I have heard the call. There are fabulous creatures in the woodland and the waste places. Have you ever, for instance, seen a dryad?"

"There is a unicorn," I said, "standing now at the edge of the garden."

Mrs. Mallison Murchard looked annoyed for a moment; then she smiled. "Dear Arthur!" she said. "He is so fanciful!"

But Mr. Bashwater reproved her gently. "Ah, dear lady, there are strange and terrible beings in that wood, if you but knew! And next to the seeing eye, the fancy that can picture those beings is most desirable."

"In that wood!" she exclaimed. "I cannot believe it! It is a dreadful place! I never went there but once, and I ruined my dress, and my slippers were a sight! If it were mine——"

I did not hear any more of what she said, for I saw that what I at first thought was a young girl had come shyly out into the garden. Her hair was the brown of fir trunks, and her scanty, clinging dress—of a web finer than is woven on our looms—was of the green of beech leaves in shadow, but her slender body was as white and graceful as a young birch-tree. She put an arm up and leaned against a trunk, stroking the rough bark lovingly, and then she looked straight at us and smiled.

THE young man who looked like a poet was talking earnestly to Miss Isabel Mallison Murchard. I saw him look up and he took a step toward the wood, but Miss Mallison Murchard spoke to him and he turned back. But the old gentleman who was a banker smiled and looked meaningly at me. And his smile made his face very young, so that he seemed to be infinitely younger than Mrs. Mallison Murchard or Mr. Bashwater or even the young poet.

A curious piping was coming from the wood now, but Mr. Bashwater only remarked crossly that the birds were very noisy. And I moved my chair nearer to the banker.

He looked at me warningly. "It is better to say nothing," he murmured.

"But you saw?" I asked.

He glanced at the others, but they were again deep in their several conversations.

"Yes," he replied, "I have seen such things many times. But, I repeat, it is better to say nothing." My perplexity must have been evident, for he smiled again. "I am the head of a conservative institution," he said. "I advise Mr. Mallison Murchard concerning his investments. Does that explain?"

"Yes," I answered. "And still—the dryad is there. And Mr. Bashwater asked——"

"He did not expect to see one," said the banker. "And then, would you say she is suitably dressed to appear in such society as that of Mrs. Mallison Murchard?"

"Do you think," I said, "that the others saw them?"

"It may be that some of them did," he replied. "One never knows. There is an inner blindness as well as an outer blindness. One may wish to see things, and yet be afraid. For to see certain things clearly is to know that one has, with infinite pains, built his whole life on emptiness. And there is sometimes nothing so terrible as to have one's dearest wish come true."

"And there is nothing worse than that?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, smiling. "There is one thing. To meet a fact that makes everything one can say trite and foolish. That makes one uncomfortable. There is nothing worse than that." And he was silent. But his eyes were on the wood.

I pondered his words and watched the shadowy figures moving on the edge of the garden. But presently Mrs. Mallison Murchard rose.

"Shall we go in?" she said. "It is getting rather cool."

The others also rose, but I said: "I think I will not go in just yet." And I asked the banker if he would join me. But he only smiled, a little wistfully I thought, and repeated that he was the head of a conservative institution. And he followed the others and left me alone in the darkness.

And when they were all gone, and the sound of their voices was shut within the great house, I walked swiftly down across the cool grass toward the wood.

THE END.

Kurt Bernhardt and Pearl Argyle

Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Bernhardt were married some time ago, but because they were both working hard had to put off their honeymoon until now. They have gone to Italy, and were photographed just before they left. Kurt Bernhardt is the clever young German film director who is working over here with Toeplitz Productions, and directed Maurice Chevalier in "The Beloved Vagabond." Pearl Argyle is a principal dancer of the Vic-Wells Company and the Ballet Club

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Philip Harben

Many of the new ensembles this season have white piqué coats, either short and tailored, or finger-length with full sleeves and a modified swing. A contrast is provided by the frock, which may be in black or navy blue. Printed piqué is used for the racing two-piece shown above, which comes from the model gown salons at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. The colour-scheme is black and white, and the coat is cut on the lines of a tunic, with high military collar and long sleeves squared at the shoulders. Crêpe Zelia makes the plain, slim-fitting skirt, also the stitched belt enlivened by a splash of vivid green georgette, which is repeated in the high cravat

Lovely Lingerie

Nothing adds quite so much to that delightful sense of luxury and well-being as the beautiful lingerie at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. Perfect in every detail, the models pictured on this page are bound to meet with success. Two views are given of the nightgown seen above. It is carried out in Crêpe Suzette, tinted a delicate shade of salmon pink. The openwork "plastron" is of velvet, like the yoke in the accompanying breakfast jacket, edged with rippling frills. Different, but equally charming, is the model worn by the seated figure on the left. Made in the same material as its companion, it is richly trimmed with écru needlerun lace, and softly gathered into the waist by a velvet ribbon sash

Photographs by Lenare

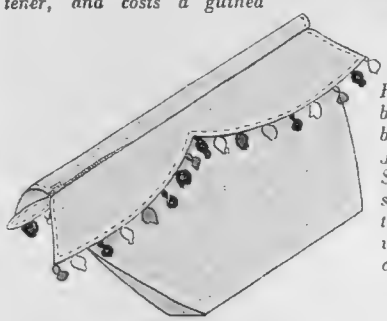
THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

Gifts for women at Simpson's include exciting accessories such as half-moon bracelets in wood inscribed with the wearer's name. They are available in light or dark colourings, and cost 29s. 6d.

Another type of bracelet to be seen at Simpson's consists of a pristal dog-collar studded with gilt knobs. It is sketched above, together with a pigskin belt, ornamented with lucky symbols

The gift department at Simpson's, Piccadilly, is a happy hunting ground for the Twins, who have just discovered a new sort of cigarette-case complete with automatic lighter and watch. Made of crocodile, it is light and easy to carry

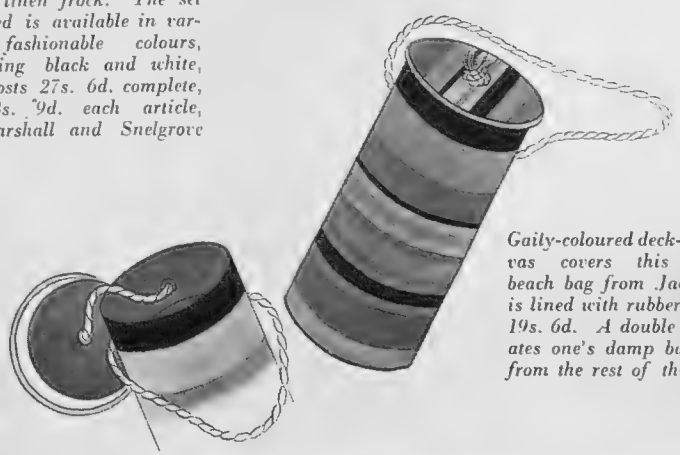
For summer frocks, Jaeger's have designed the boat-shaped bag below, in oatmeal crash with coloured porcelain shells suspended here and there. It is lined with glazed chintz, has a sliding fastener, and costs a guinea



Real mushrooms are being made into buttonholes by Jaeger's, 204, Regent Street. They are specially dyed and treated so that they will not perish, and cost only 4s. 6d.

Dog-lovers will appreciate this cocktail accessory in the shape of a dachshund, spiked with sticks for sausages, cherries, etc. It is available in two sizes at 12s. 6d. or a guinea and comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

Fish-net gloves and scarf add a finishing touch to a plain linen frock. The set sketched is available in various fashionable colours, including black and white, and costs 27s. 6d. complete, or 13s. 9d. each article, at Marshall and Snelgrove

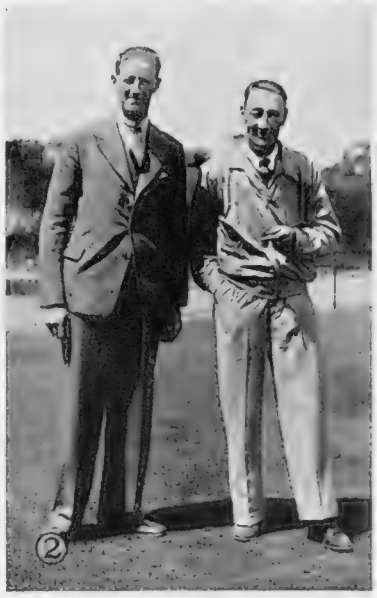


Gaily-coloured deck-chair canvas covers this amusing beach bag from Jaeger's. It is lined with rubber and costs 19s. 6d. A double lid separates one's damp bathing-suit from the rest of the contents

Golf Clubs at Home

Bognor Golf Club, Bognor

(1) Major W. Finch (secretary), R. Staley (captain), and E. J. Craddock (vice-captain). (2) T. King (steward) and A. G. Diprise (professional). (3) H. Mann (director) and L. T. Marler. (4) R. Martin (director) and T. M. Burgess. (5) R. F. C. Wiltshire (committee member) and E. J. Burgess. (6) Major Guy and T. S. P. Curtiss (committee member). (7) J. A. Dalgliesh and A. S. Fuller (ex-captain). (8) H. I. Rubens and F. Schooling (committee member). (9) S. H. Shears and Lungley Power. (10) J. A. Ball, F. W. Pope, and D. Lavender



Guinness—Jingle Jingle—Guinness

With apologies to Charles Dickens, who, we are sure, would not mind. Readers of the Pickwick Papers will remember the illustration by Phiz of Sam Weller composing his Valentine, with an early placard for Guinness in the centre of the picture; and Guinness is also mentioned in "Sketches by Boz."

"Guinness for me," said Mr. Jingle. "Always do for lunch. Reminds me—day I went fishing—local river—lunch packed up—bread, cheese, Guinness—sat by the bridge—not a fish about—sat there for hours—then jerk! felt something, tugged like mad, too heavy—crowd gathered—I went on—tugged away, dripping every pore, couldn't move it—bright idea—drank the Guinness—tugged again, and crack! whole bridge came up—caught on the line—crowd cheered—capital, very."

"Very singular," said Mr. Pickwick. "May I make a note of that story?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Jingle, affably. "Fifty more if you like—strange life, mine—for instance—"

Mr. Pickwick signalled to the waiter. "Something," he said, "tells me that *I'm* going to need a Guinness."

GUINNESS FOR STRENGTH

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Through England on Horseback : By Alan Thomas

MR. A. F. TSCHIFFELY, the hero of that famous ride from Buenos Aires to Washington, has now ridden through England. The journey, accomplished in forty-three days, produced pleasant results for all concerned. First, for Mr. Tschiffely himself, who clearly enjoyed his country jaunt. Secondly, for Violet, the mare he rode and on whom he bestowed such expert and tender care. And thirdly, for the reader of *Bridle Paths* (Heinemann ; 6*s.*), which is the story of the ride. It is a book redolent of the countryside, of inns and cool bar-parlours, of breezes and clear streams, of valleys, rocky slopes, and fells. Starting from the New Forest, Mr. Tschiffely made his way towards the Welsh border and thence northwards through Westmorland to the Lowlands of Scotland, where, at the end of the ride, Mr. Cunninghame Graham "raised an arm to greet me from afar, like a friendly Red Indian chief of old."

Mr. Tschiffely's comments on us and our ways are sometimes a trifle naïve, but never banal. He deplores, as we all must, the influence that American slang, conveyed through the cinema, is having on our young people. In front of an old Tudor house in Wiltshire "two little boys suddenly began to quarrel, whereupon one of them shouted to the other, affecting a strong nasal twang which would have done any Bostonian honour: 'Scram, you lousy guy, scram!'"

As for the English, they are "extremely tolerant and fair-minded, but being insular they are apt to think that all other but British customs, ways and manners must be wrong." (Which is to say that we haven't altered much since the days of John de Stogumber.) By the same token, the Scotch "did their utmost to convince me that their native land ranks first in everything in the world."

Mr. Tschiffely's plea for the establishment of an Equestrian Touring Club which might "bring back something of the old England we all like to remember" is to be welcomed. If it is successful his health will be drunk by every innkeeper in England who has a stable and is capable of pronouncing the name of Tschiffely.

THE theme of Miss E. M. Delafield's new novel, *Faster! Faster!* (Macmillan ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is the showing-up of a woman who is a past mistress in the art of self-deception. Claudia Winslow, fortyish, good-looking, and clever, has a permanently unemployed husband, two daughters and a son, all of whom she supports by running a kind of "Enquire within upon Everything" bureau. To Claudia and to a good many of her friends her life is one of self-sacrifice on behalf of her family. She is the devoted, unpossessive wife and mother, facing her problems honestly and dispassionately. There is no rest for her. The work of her London office exhausts her, and a week-end in her country home only increases the pace of her life. She it is who must run the house, entertain the guests, soothe her irritable husband, be the understanding confidante of her children, and sit up to all hours doing the office work. That is Claudia as Claudia sees herself.

It is when the family tries to cut the apron strings that the real Claudia emerges. Her unconscious desire to dominate has developed into a passion. Theoretically, her children are completely free. But when the elder girl begins a love-affair with a rather incredible don, it is sharply nipped in the bud by Claudia. She vetoes the chance of a lifetime for her other daughter, and even tries to prevent her wretched husband from getting a job. And it is all done with sweet reasonableness and complete self-deception. Ironically enough, it is with Claudia's death in a car accident that life begins to go right with her family.

Miss Delafield has never given us better work than her dissection of Claudia. Her pen cuts like a scalpel, and she gets her effects sharp and clear, with a minimum of words. Of the minor characters I remember with especial pleasure Claudia's two typists, who look like film stars, swear like troopers, and work like Trojans. I found *Faster! Faster!* an unalloyed pleasure to read.

A. F. Tschiffely — Rider and Writer

"Tschiffely's Ride" from Buenos Aires to Washington is already well known. Now the author has just published the story of another and very different ride through rural England, again in the company of his mare Violet. The book is called "Bridle Paths," is delightfully decorated by Malcolm Easton's sketches and is dedicated to "'Don Roberto' (R. B. Cunninghame Graham) who . . . has set out on his last ride"

AN eccentric trifle which may amuse you for an hour or two is *The Camel*, by Lord Berners (Constable ; 6*s.*). Early one winter's morning the bell rings at the Vicarage, and the servant, on going to the door, is confronted by a camel. "Its eyes had an expression of almost human patience and suffering." This mute appeal, which was lost on the Vicar, aroused the immediate sympathy of the Vicar's wife. She and the camel became great friends, and though the animal's intentions were undoubtedly good, yet they filled only their traditional rôle of paving Hell. At first the camel got on the Vicar's nerves to the extent of causing him at morning service to beseech the Almighty to "send down upon our Bishops and Curates and all camels committed to their charge. . . ." But worse was to come, and in the end the peaceful village of Slumbermere became the scene of tragedy. It is an entertaining tale and full of incident, but rather overweighted with corpses, human and animal.

IN detective fiction you ought not to miss *Trent's Own Case*, by E. C. Bentley and H. Warner Allen (Constable ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), wherein Philip Trent, "the celebrated were-wolf who has been a man for some years . . . is now a sleuth-hound once more." It is a dangerous thing Mr. Bentley has done — to challenge comparison with a masterpiece, even though his own. But Trent maintains his reputation, and having successfully seen his own case through, will, let us hope, shortly be engaged on somebody else's.

GOLF enthusiasts will like to know of a little book entitled *Love on the Fairway*, by Archie Compston and Stanley Anderson, with an introductory note by Henry Cotton (Werner Laurie ; 3*s.* 6*d.*). This book scarcely claims to be anything more than a golf lesson palatably conveyed by means of a story : but when experts talk, the rest of us are only too glad to listen.

FOR the library list I recommend *The Lorenzo Bunch*, by Booth Tarkington (Heinemann ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), recounting with lifelike fidelity the idle gossip of a group of young matrons living in an apartment block in a provincial American town ; *The Phœnix Nest*, by Elizabeth Jenkins (Gollancz ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), an attempt to present the theatrical world of Elizabethan London wherein most of the stage notabilities of the time, except Shakespeare, appear—a book full of accurate local colour, but smelling a little of the lamp ; and *The Sea's a Thief*, by R. M. Lockley (Longmans ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), a vivid and exciting first novel about the lobster fishers of Pembrokeshire.

BY APPOINTMENT

The 3 Weeks Health Plan

THERE is good reason for the reputation and supremacy of Gordon's Gin. For not only is its flavour and purity pre-eminent (see the Lancet report on every bottle), but it contains important properties which are considered by the Medical Profession to be most beneficial to the system.

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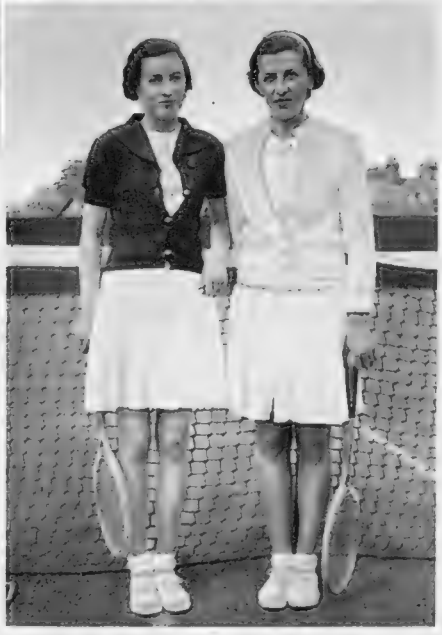
The Gold Vase at Ashridge

T. H. V. Haydon and the Prince of Baroda played together at Ashridge for the "Golf Illustrated" Gold Vase, which was won by Ferrier, the Australian champion

Right: Lady Rowallan and her sister, Mrs. Black, the Scottish Doubles champions, are practising at Beckenham for this year's Wimbledon. It is Mrs. Black's first tennis appearance in the South

Below: the team chosen to meet the U.S.A. in the Wightman Cup matches: Miss Kay Stammers, Miss Freda James, Miss Mary Hardwick, Miss Dorothy Round, Miss N. Lyle, and Miss Dearman



Scottish Doubles Champions

The British Wightman Cup Team

Ladies v. Men at Stoke Poges

The annual Ladies v. Men match at Stoke Poges resulted in a win for the Men by 11 matches to 4. In the photo are G. A. Hill, Miss Gourlay, Miss Diana Fishwick, and D. H. Kyle; Hill and Kyle beat the ladies by a hole

Left: Godfrey Brown (Warwick and Peterhouse) set up a new English record when he won the 100 yards in 9·7 seconds at Fenner's. During the same afternoon he won the quarter and the half

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

THREE major sporting events are in the calendar for the coming week: the Wimbledon lawn tennis championships and the Open Golf Championship, at Hoylake, begin next Monday—may the weather be propitious!—and to-morrow Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber, fights Max Schmeling, of Germany, at the Yankee Stadium, New York.

THE tennis first, and never, surely, was there a more open Wimbledon. Perry's defeat by von Cramm in Paris has upset the odds in the Men's Singles, and the sad fact that Mrs. Wills-Moody has not entered for the Women's Singles leaves us with a very level field there. Mrs. Wills-Moody, incidentally, played some practice games in Paris not long ago, and my expert assures me that she seemed to be playing as well as ever, so that the other competitors have perhaps had a lucky escape.

It is difficult to know what to think about Perry's chances. Expert opinion declares that he is still, without doubt, the most dangerous player in the world, but the trouble is that lack of concentration which cost him his title at Auteuil. His challengers are so good, so little inferior to Perry, in fact, that the moment he relaxes they are capable of pouncing and gaining an ascendancy which may not easily be broken. Perry, indeed, is not entirely

(Concluded on page 528)

This England . . .

View from Duncton, Sussex, looking East along South Downs.

THE CRAZY quilt of farm and field, hedgerow and copse that covers our island earth is an uniquely English pattern. A pattern woven into the background of each one of us, whence springs of course our love of country things and country ways, their legends and accumulated lore. Gratitude, too, as well as love, for has not country wisdom given us barley such as no others grow and the fat rich-flavoured hop to add thereto? And do not the pick of these, brewed with an ancient cunning, give us such a beer as Worthington? . . . golden, mellow wine of rich harvests.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Reflections on St. Andrews and Stoke Poges

NO ONE who was present at the last Amateur Championship at St. Andrews could help noticing what a large number of extremely good amateur golfers there are at the present time. The general standard of play was higher and the putting better than at any previous championship I have attended. The weather conditions never made play really difficult, and the surfaces of the putting greens were as true as they could possibly be, and never fast or slippery; consequently, putting was as easy as it can ever be, and the players could strike their putts boldly, without fear of running past out of holing. I hardly ever, during the whole week, saw a short putt missed and, on the contrary, saw numerous long ones holed.

At St. Andrews you see more tee shots struck from the first tee than on any other course, because the first tee is within twenty yards of the windows of the club-house. During the period of practice, and the Championship, I only saw two shots played from this tee which were not decidedly good; one of them was a long slice "out of bounds," and the other a topped shot which ran far enough to enable the player to reach the green with his second.

I WROTE a few weeks ago that the mound near the eleventh tee, which has been constructed as a grand stand, would not be of any great assistance to spectators following matches, but it was most certainly extremely useful to those who, instead of following matches, preferred to take up a commanding position and remain on it. From this mound, all the play from the second shots to the seventh hole to the tee shots to the twelfth hole could be seen in comfort and without moving.

AS I expected, neither A. D. Locke nor Jack McLean, were long enough off the tee to have any great chance of success. Locke, I have little doubt, will get longer, but I do not think McLean will, unless he gives up keeping his hands so high while addressing the ball. Nowadays on championship courses length is of the utmost importance: there is so little to choose between the short game of our leading players, that it is nearly always the longer player who is successful. Harry Bentley would never have won the English Championship at Deal if he had not, during his visit to Henry Cotton, put twenty yards or so on to his wooden club shots. McLean is probably the most accurate iron-shot player among amateurs, but his lack of length leaves him too much to do.

The most astounding golf of the week was played by Alec Hill, in his match in the last eight against Tolley; starting from the seventh hole, for nine consecutive holes he did the following, figures: 3, 2, 3, 4, 4, 3, 3, 3, 4.

You need not take the trouble to work out how many under an average of fours this score is; it is two over an average of threes and includes a 4 at the short eleventh hole. Tolley, playing perfectly, stood up to this fusilade, and after being 3 down and 4 to play, squared the match on the eighteenth green, and then lost it at the nineteenth in a most tragic manner, after having all the better of the play at this hole. Hill only carried the burn by a yard, while Tolley's second shot appeared to be very close; actually, this was an optical illusion, as it finished about 5 yards past the hole. Hill put his very long putt on the edge of the hole, and then Tolley struck his 5-yards downhill putt badly, stymied himself, and missed his niblick chip. Tolley departed from the Amateur Championship in exactly the same way, on the same green, in 1930, when he was beaten after a very close match by Bobby Jones, who certainly had the run of the green in his favour.

IN the Stoke Poges Ladies v. Men match this year, the men once more had a very comfortable victory, winning by 11 matches to 4, with 3 matches halved. This year the ladies received only 6 strokes, and in the morning both sides played off tees, some of which made the holes play as long as possible, and some a little shorter than the maximum length. At lunch, some of the men players, with customary gallantry, suggested that the ladies should receive 9 strokes instead of 6 in the singles; the ladies were too proud to accept, but they did accept the concession of playing off tees further forward than in the morning. This concession proved of little value, as the tees were hardly put forward at all; in fact, one lady, who won her single, did not know that they had been changed.

THERE has been, and there will be in the future, much argument as to what handicap this match should be played under. With normal playing conditions, the ladies, receiving 9 strokes and playing from the back tees, have, in my opinion, very little chance of success. In the matches played in the past under this handicap, the ladies have only once had a convincing victory, and that was when the course was so wet, and consequently playing so long, that even the men could not get home in 2 at several holes. Under normal playing conditions, if the ladies receive 6 strokes, and play from the L.G.U. tees, and the men from the back tees, I feel sure that this handicap will result in much closer and more enjoyable matches for all the players. I don't know why it should be so, but it is certainly a fact that ladies strongly object to playing off the tees from which they are handicapped. A lady, when offered a few strokes and the ladies' tees, shows her disapproval just as much as a small boy who has been presented with a cricket bat without a splice.

The "Golf Illustrated" Gold Vase Tournament at Ashridge

Jim Ferrier, winner of the Gold Vase, and John Beck. Ferrier, who is making his first English visit, has also won the Silver Tassie and was runner-up in the Amateur Championship

Major P. C. Burton, J. Herbert Richardson and Squadron-Leader C. H. Hayward. Herbert Richardson is the secretary of the Ashridge Golf Club, which provided very fine scoring conditions. Major Burton and Squadron-Leader Hayward played together, having respective scores of 167 and 164

Christian Watermeyer and A. D. Locke, the South Africa Amateur Champion. Watermeyer is also South African—he plays for Royal Cape—and came fourth with 145

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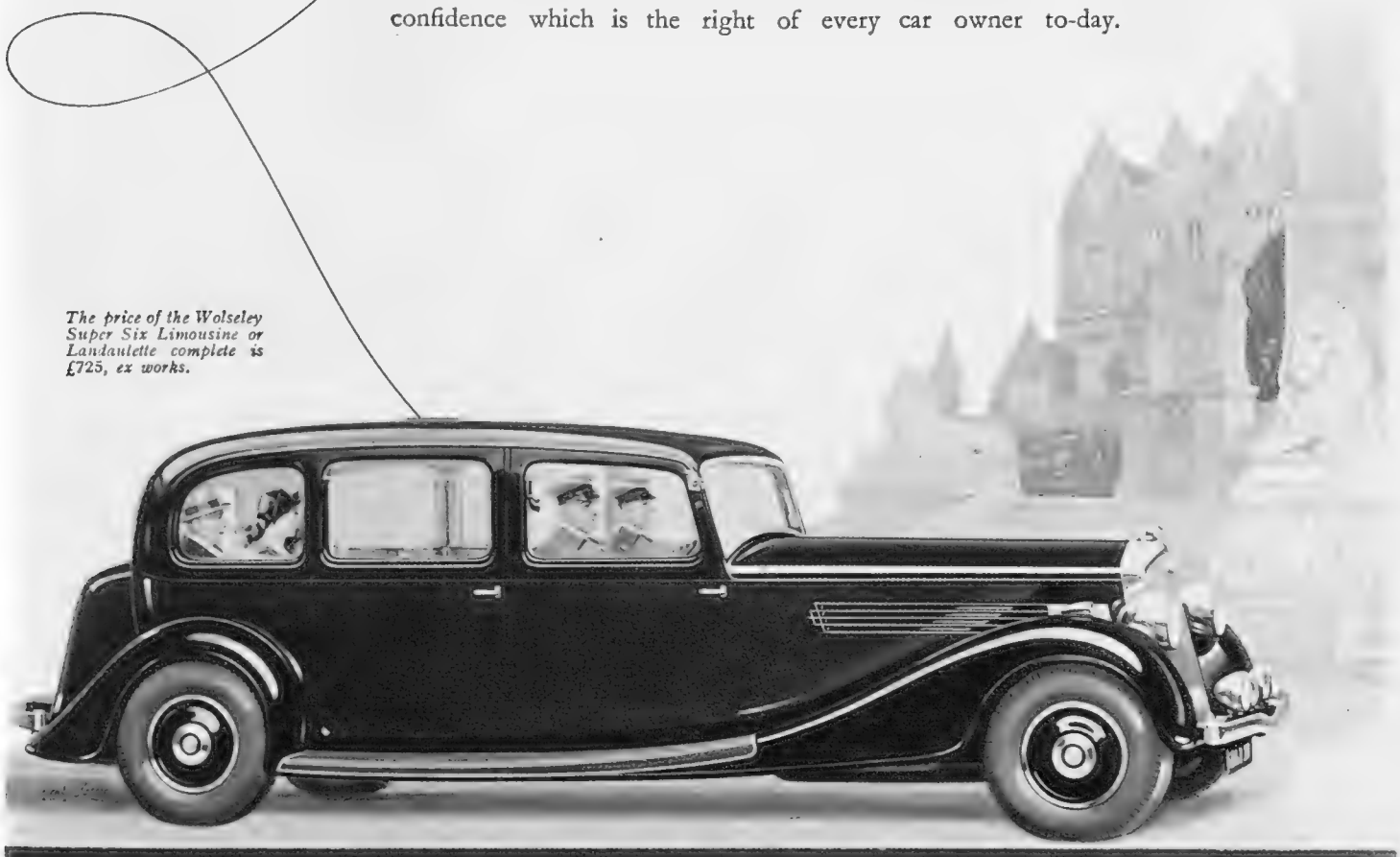

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"Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry

The First Three Days Described

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

WRITING with the rain-drops, so to speak, still damp upon the brow, I do not know whether the experiment of seeding the draw for the Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry has been a success or not: everything is still too recent and at the moment unfinished.

But I do know that, rain or fine (and we have had both), this is one of the cheeriest foursomes we have ever had anywhere, even at Turnberry, where things are always gay, and that, seeding or no, we have a splendid selection of prize-winners, three seedlings and one pair from the home club with a joint handicap of 28 to show what can be done by putting and persistency, particularly putting.

AT the moment of sending this off we are all very wet and cold, but still enormously cheerful, and the last four couples are Miss Wade and Miss Hill, who have come through in spite of having the position of back-markers, at 1, forced upon them by the scratching of Mrs. Wallace Williamson and Mrs. Watson: Mrs. Quentin McCall and Mrs. Paterson, of Turnberry, with their 28 handicap; Mrs. Walter Greenlees (who has managed to give most of the seedlings a delightful house-party as well as playing her own good golf) with Miss Mervyn Barton, and the Scottish champion, Miss Robertson Durham, and Miss Helen Nimmo. What could be better or more representative of all the sorts and kinds of golfers who go to make up BYSTANDER foursomes?

Space and time simply do not permit of telling all the doughty deeds or the grand fighting of the earliest days: how Miss Cameron and Mrs. Wallace won at the twentieth the first day, after being, as they described, "two up years ago," but otherwise down all the time; or Mrs. Mungo Park and her daughter Catherine, who were never up at all until they won on the eighteenth, after losing the first three holes.

Perhaps the best way would be to take each of the surviving couples and tell you of their progress through the week.

FIRST Miss Wade and Miss Hill. They began by giving 10 strokes to Mrs. W. C. A. Gray and Mrs. Galloway; were never up until the tenth, then lost what lead they had, and only struggled home on the last green. In the second round they gave eleven strokes—doesn't this fairly stagger you?—to Mrs. Rodger and Miss Carlyle, and got home 2 and 1; in the next eleven again, to Miss Cameron and Mrs. Wallace, and this time made the most of their chances to get home by 5 and 4. Then a lull, only two strokes to give, but the opponents were Mrs. Iorns and Miss Audrey Holmes, who had been playing beautifully and were not once winners of the BYSTANDER scratch medal foursomes for nothing. But Miss Wade has been a model of all the virtues all the week, and Miss Hill has chipped and putted like a rock; they never looked like losing, well as Miss Holmes played, and 3 and 2 was their just reward.

Then Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery and Miss Susan Walker, previous winners, who had played so well the afternoon before that there was a cry of "There 's wuskey!" from the caddies as Miss Walker's tee shot trickled up to the fourth hole—only to stay out. To them Miss Wade's side gave 3 strokes, and after being down at the start, came away with some fine shots up to the hole, and good putting, to win by 3 and 2.

Now take Mrs. Quentin McCall and Mrs. J. Paterson, handicap 28. In the first round they received 6 strokes from Mrs

(Continued on page 526)

The Arran Home Green; Turnberry Hotel Behind

Sitting Out

Miss M. Drew and Miss Jean Hill, the Troon pair who lost to Miss Jessie and Miss Ida Anderson by 4 and 3 in the first round

Miss M. W. Robertson Durham (Gullane), who played with Miss Nimmo, is Scottish Champion. She beat Miss Nan Baird in last year's final and has to defend her title at Turnberry this week

Looking Out

Miss E. M. Smith (Panmure), Miss J. K. Baird, Mrs. D. J. Oliver and Miss M. C. Irving (St. Nicholas), who were studying the first "Round the Bend" hole; they met on the first day at Turnberry

Left: Mrs. William Waddell (Carlisle), Mrs. John Millar (Greenock), Miss J. Taylor (Airdrie), and Miss D. S. Brown (Sandyhills), four of the large field of 240 for the "Bystander" Turnberry Foursomes

'North British' Famous Hazards Series

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The 'Alps' Hole at Hoylake, which received its name when it was a blind shot over a hill, is now a one-shot hole of about 200 yards to a green with the sandy shore on the left and broken ground on the right. Allowance should be made for a frequent cross wind if our 'North British' is to pitch near the pin.

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"Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry

(*Continued from page 524*)

Holm and Mrs. Jack Symington, and won by 2 and 1. Here was distinction indeed. In the next, 5 strokes from Mrs. Torrance and Mrs. Gallatly, and won by 3 and 2; then by 3 and 1 from Mrs. E. R. S. Turnbull and Mrs. Paterson, who gave them 7 strokes; then at the twentieth, after having dormy three against them, by Miss Nan Baird and Miss Betty Henderson, who were giving them 9 strokes. So that was two seedlings to their credit, and they completed the hat trick by their last-green win from the Anderson sisters, Miss Jessie having rather too much to do in addition to giving three strokes.

Mrs. Greenlees and Miss Mervyn Barton were certainly impressive all the time, with just the length which is so needed over the New or Arran course at Turnberry. They first gave four strokes to Miss A. S. Cameron and Miss G. Burton and won by 3 and 2; then they gave five to Mrs. A. M. Smith and Miss J. M. Shaw, and won by 3 and 2; then three to Mrs. Ramsay and Mrs. E. D. Jones, who had been looked on as something of dark horses up till then. They got home 3 and 1. Dark horses seemed their fate: people were beginning to say that nobody could stop Miss Mary Pearcy, who is an excellent golfer, long and strong, and her long-handicap partner, Mrs. Campbell Ker, but Mrs. Greenlees and Miss Barton pricked that bubble though they had to give five strokes, for they won by 4 and 3. Then came Mrs. Ian Bowhill and her sister, Miss Robertson Durham—not the Scottish Champion. There were two strokes to give, but Mrs. Greenlees' side never looked seriously in danger, and won by 3 and 2.

BY then they were in high hopes of meeting Miss Pam Barton, and so having a sisterly battle, for our Champion, in spite of losing Mrs. Garon as a partner, had been making gallant progress with Miss Betty Eliot, who made the side's handicap eleven. But it was not to be. They had survived various adventures, and the giving of seven strokes to Mrs. Levitt and Mrs. Jack Cowan, six to Mrs. G. Steele and Mrs. J. J. Anderson, seven to Miss Jean Clark and Miss Yvonne Gray, and the receiving of two from Mrs. George Coats and Miss K. Clark, but when they met another seedling, Miss Nimmo and the Champion, Miss Robertson Durham, and received three strokes from them, they could do no more, and went out 2 and 1. Miss Barton has had a deal of competition golf to play since her win at Southport; if she had played stale golf it would not have been surprising. Instead, she played really well, admirably straight, yet long; cheerful, yet concentrated—in fact, all that a champion's golf should be.

Miss Robertson Durham and Miss Nimmo began by giving seven strokes to Mrs. Maitland Allan and Miss M. Docharty and winning by 5 and 3; they then met Mrs. Walter Mercer and Mrs. Eckford Wallace, who had won their previous round by 7 and 6, and were therefore greatly to be respected, especially as there were two strokes to give them, but they beat them by 4 and 3. Then came the two Miss Wisharts, to whom they gave seven strokes and a 6 and 4 beating. After that there were nine strokes to be given to Mrs. McLeod and Miss W. Hunter, and they won by 7 and 6, fit prelude to their win from Miss Barton and Miss Eliot. The Scottish pair won the first two holes, but were squared at the seventh; yet they looked winners all the way somehow, and 2 and 1 was their just reward.

YOU must have a word about one young pair who took Miss Barton and Miss Eliot to the last green and only lost there by a putt. These were Miss Yvonne Gray and Miss Jean Clark, of Troon, both young enough to play in the Girls' Championship this year (and Miss Clark next year as well!), so that I most sincerely hope we shall see them both at Stoke Poges in September and hear of them again many times. After drawing a bye they proceeded to beat a seedling, Miss Nell Forrest, and Miss M. Howie, who were giving them nine strokes, by 2 and 1. Then they had seven from Miss Barton and Miss Eliot. They were three down at the sixth, then began holing putts until, at the thirteenth, they were one up, taking that hole in a three perfectly played. After losing the fourteenth they were one up again at the sixteenth and, as aforesaid, only lost at the last hole. Long handicaps they may have as yet: even though Miss Gray gets good golf at her school, it is not like competition golf with grown-up golfers of the first class, and the way these two kept their heads and never flurried or hurried was quite admirable. If they continue to keep their heads like that they should go far.

WHAT I cannot tell you is whether the seeding is popular or not: perhaps we can get some sort of vote on it at the prize-giving. It has certainly left us with four good prize-winning couples, though it is possible to argue that we might have had as good without it.

M', perhaps.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Lady Hay, Miss W. Morrison, Mrs. Harold McLellan, and Mrs. Tom Brash. Lady Hay and Miss Morrison are from Douglas Park; they met Mrs. McLellan and Mrs. Brash in the first round

Above: Miss Doris Chambers (Camberley), Mrs. J. B. Walker, Miss Helen Nimmo, Miss J. D. Blyth, and Miss E. H. Robertson Durham. Mrs. Walker and Miss Chambers played together

Miss A. M. Smith (St. Nicholas), Miss J. M. Shaw (St. Nicholas), and Mrs. C. H. Rutherford (Torwoodlee). Mrs. Rutherford played with Mrs. Cuthbertson of Prestonfield, and met Miss Smith and Miss Shaw in the first round

Left: Miss Nan Baird and Miss B. Henderson (St. Nicholas). They reached the fourth round, to be beaten by Mrs. McCall and Mrs. Paterson (Turnberry)

This new jewel ensemble, in gold and diamonds, comprises a remarkably flexible bracelet with an ornate clasp, two clips and a handsome ring.

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Summer Sport *(continued from page 520)*

secure upon his throne, but I am inclined to think that he will pull through. He is temperamentally a fighter, after all, and a reverse here and there merely serves to stimulate him.

We have to remember, however, that the opposition is stiffer than it was last year. Players like von Cramm and Donald Budge have undoubtedly improved, and they will be encouraged by the knowledge that Perry is not invincible. Perry's chief rivals are von Cramm, Budge, A. K. Quist, of Australia, Wilmer Allison and J. H. Crawford, and of course, we cannot overlook H. W. Austin, if he is really fit again. The first three—von Cramm, Budge and Quist—are the spearhead of attack upon the title, for Allison is usually not at his best till later in the year, and Crawford has shown signs of being a tired man. Von Cramm we know, a beautiful player, forceful and thoroughly equipped, cool and intelligent and determined, but Budge is, in a sense, an uncertain quantity. We realise that Budge is uncommonly good—a young McLoughlin—but we can only guess how much progress he has made since last summer, when he was impressive enough, in all conscience. He reached the semi-finals, you will remember, with Austin's scalp at his belt, and every time he appeared on the court he seemed to play better. His speed of stroke is exceptional, and the Wimbledon surface suits his hard hitting. It may not be this time, but one day, I am convinced, Budge's name will appear on the list of Wimbledon champions.

Adrian Quist is also young and full of promise. Superficially he is, perhaps, not so impressive as Budge, for his methods are quieter, but watch him closely and you will note an all-round excellence of stroke production, a sound orthodoxy which leaves the least possible margin of error. Then there is little Bryan Grant, a remarkable defensive player, who beat Budge at Forest Hills, a newcomer to Wimbledon, and there is always a chance that the astonishing Borotra, even at the age of thirty-eight, may surprise us all.

Now what about the Women's Singles? Will Miss Round be in her best form and pull it off again? Possible, of course, and a happy thought, but our players have been inconsistent. Miss Stammers, for example, has an obvious chance, but her form also has been in and out. I am inclined to plump for Miss Helen Jacobs as the probable winner, with such tried and excellent players as Mrs. Sperling, Mrs. Fabyan, Mme. Mathieu and Señorita Lizana in the running. We shall also have the pleasure of seeing the Countess de la Valdène, more familiar to us as Señorita de Alvarez, flashing out brilliant strokes which threaten to overwhelm more orthodox and steadier opponents.

Miss Helen Jacobs, by the way, has just published a most valuable little book. *Improve Your Tennis* it is called (Methuen; 2s. 6d.), and if Miss Jacobs succeeds in carrying out the maxims which she has so clearly enunciated therein, I should say the title is hers for the asking. Her book has the great merit of brevity. She lays down ten cardinal rules, explains them simply, gives some sound advice for practice and a description of the various ways of gripping the racket for different strokes, and that is all. It is quite enough to set anyone on the road to becoming a vastly improved player.

Well, there it is—Wimbledon with the sun shining—grand tennis in prospect—things might be worse, my masters. And up at Hoylake the golfing champions will be having at one another desperately. Colleague J. S. F. Morrison will put you wise about that, but let me humbly pay my tribute to A. Padgham, who must surely be the favourite, unless he fails unexpectedly completely in the tournament at Leeds, which begins as I write. A player of majestic ease, Padgham, with the perfect temperament for the game. Nothing worries him. He sleeps sound o' nights, and just when some other maestro thinks the race is won, Padgham comes in with a final round somewhere in the sixties and scoops the pool. A rum game, golf, with so very little to choose between the really great ones that prediction is dangerous. But I do fancy Padgham at Hoylake, for all that.

I fancy Joe Louis against Max Schmeling at the Yankee Stadium to-morrow, too. Schmeling is the toughest proposition he has had to face, certainly, and there have been rumours that Louis has lost his sense of distance. I take no notice of rumours, though. You have only to see Louis in action to know his quality—his deadly accuracy, his perfect foot-work, his ice-cold fighter's brain. He has had eighty fights. Sixty-five he has won by knock-out punches. He is a 10-to-1 favourite for to-morrow's scrap, and that seems to be about the size of it. But I wish I could be there to see for myself!

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N.C.C. 343

At the Royal Air Force Display

By Charles Ward

New Features at Hendon

THE seventeenth R.A.F. Display is to be given at Hendon as usual on the last Saturday of this month. It is the culmination of a year's training, and particularly on this occasion, when flying for purposes of defence is so much a matter of public discussion, there will be visible proof that the nation is getting value for its money spent on the Service, which is junior as a matter of history but senior in importance. A feature often suggested as a novelty is to be staged this year—there will be a parade of some of the aircraft built in the "dark ages," capable of at least 50 miles an hour all out, flying side by side with modern fighters that cruise at 250 with their engines idling. An early Wright biplane has been resurrected; also a monoplane similar to that in which Bleriot first flew the Channel in 1909. Veterans of the last war will have their memories stirred by the sight of the Sopwith Triplane, the Camel, the Bristol Fighter, and the S.E.5, though the last two are still represented amongst civil aircraft of to-day—the "Brisfit" as a parachute platform and the S.E. for inscribing advertisements on the sky. Our old friend the Set Piece is to be reintroduced as a finale, so that the show will end with a very loud noise.

Modern Aircraft

THE Hawker monoplane and its rival for speed from the Supermarine factory will definitely fly at more than 300 miles an hour. Both are equipped with a Rolls-Royce engine whose musical note always seems to lend a special thrill to any aerobatic display. The Fairey "Battle" and the Vickers "Wellesley" are other types to which special interest attaches. Visitors to Gatwick for the opening ceremony had a trade show, as it were, of one Display item that could be described as breath-taking truthfully. Three "Gauntlet's" from 19 Squadron carried out every imaginable stunt whilst tied together with cord, and when it is realised that speeds in excess of 200 miles an hour are reached during this "drill," it is obvious that the standard of training in the R.A.F. is second to none. The quality of the "Gauntlet" that amazes the onlooker is its quietness. It is difficult to dissociate noise from speed. Some of the fastest cars on the road are the most silent, yet we are most impressed by the roar of an exhaust. In the air, the "Fury," with its glittering body and healthy bark, gets most of the applause, though its speed is the same as the "Gauntlet's."

The new aerodrome at Shoreham for Brighton, Hove, and Worthing, was officially declared open for traffic on Saturday last. Our photograph shows Cecil Pashley, who has been teaching people to fly for twenty-five years, giving a few hints to pupils of the local Aero Club

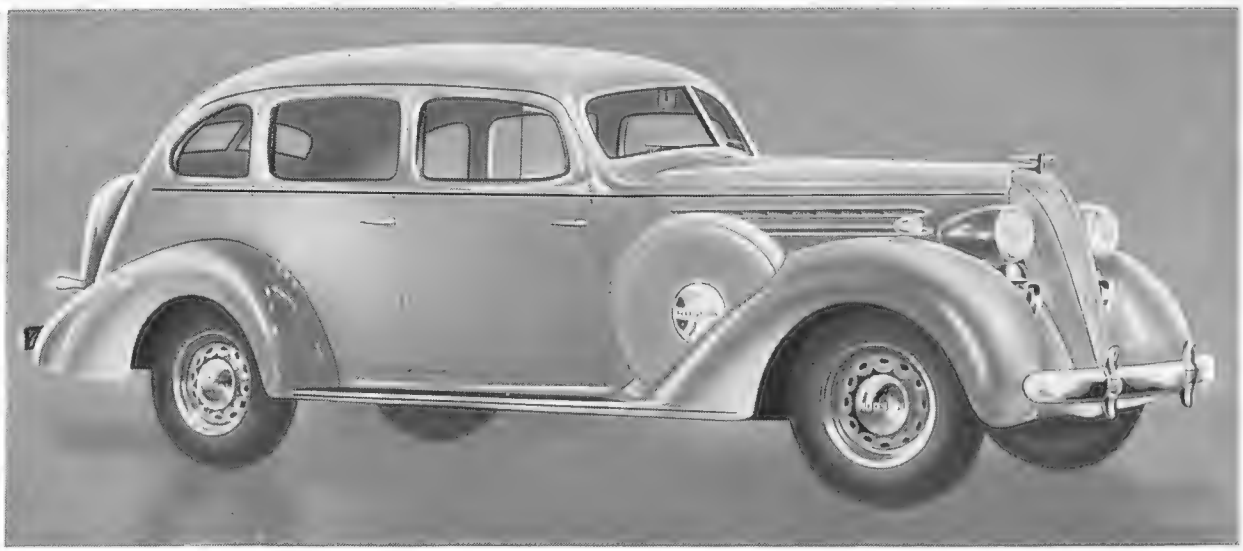
At the Airports

GATWICK provided the rendezvous for the largest concentration of civil aircraft that has been seen this year. All the new types were on parade, including the lighter newcomers such as the "Tipsy," the "Aeronca," and the "Drone." The "Phœnix" from Heston is more and more convincing every time one sees it, particularly

(*Concluded on page* iv)

Just think

A HUDSON CAR FOR £360



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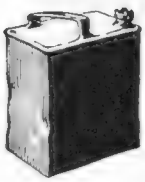
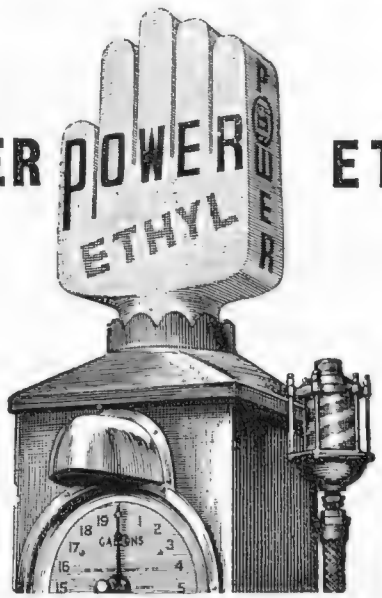


FROM PETROL TO

POWER 

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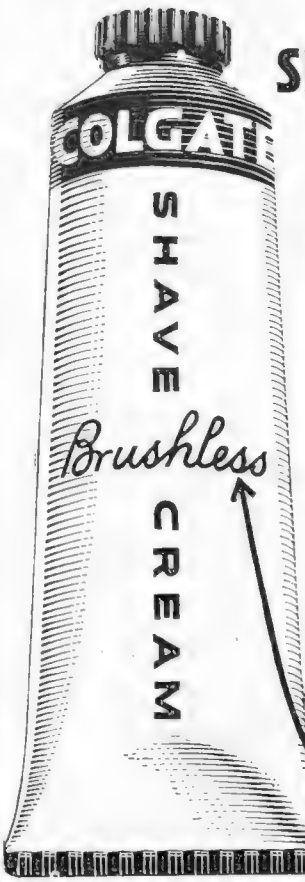
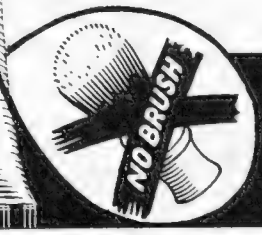


It's time *you* got on to this new shave idea of COLGATE'S—you can't afford to miss it! When Colgate's say you can get a better shave without a brush than you ever got with one, you can be sure it means something—and something big! In point of fact, it means this amazing new cream that it took Colgate's experts two years of careful experiment and research to make perfect. Perfect? Yes—because it never lumps, never clogs the razor, never leaves a trace of shine or stickiness. Demands nothing more from you than that you just spread it on—so easy—and shave it off as quick as you like. Gives after-shave comfort too—that obviates all need for a lotion. Just *how* perfect it is you'll learn at your first shave with it—which'll be your glad goodbye to any other ways of shaving at all!



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At the Royal Air Force Display

(*Continued from page* ii)

on the score of space in the cabin as compared to horse-power, and therefore running costs. The star turn of the day—wing-soaring by Clem Sohn—would have ended in tragedy had he not been equipped with two parachutes. The first became entangled in his "wings," but the second one—an Irvin, of course—opened the moment he pulled the ring at about 150 feet. He was slightly injured, but from one of the ribs of his "wing," and not from rough contact with the ground. British Airways, which is operating from Gatwick, will put in service a new fleet of liners for the Scandinavian route at the end of the month. These are the latest de Havilland "Express" type, specially fitted for bad-weather flying with automatic pilots and radio for a range of 500 miles. Air-conditioning is installed, and the cabins are completely fireproofed, so that smoking will be allowed. Shoreham was declared open last week-end. It is the pre-war aerodrome, enlarged and equipped to serve as a municipal airport for Brighton, Hove and Worthing. The special attraction for the ceremony was an International Rally.

Well-knowns in the flying world at the opening ceremony for the new club-house at Sywell. From l. to r., Lord Willoughby de Broke, Major G. R. D. Shaw, Lady Willoughby de Broke, Fl.-Lt. "Tommy" Rose, formerly instructor at Sywell, Mrs. Shaw, Mr. C. M. Newton and Capt. Duncan Davis

Flying Notes of the Week

IMPERIAL Airways are operating an evening service to Brussels, which is particular benefit to business people. After a day's work in London, the 'plane will get you to the Belgian capital the same evening, and there is a corresponding return service in the morning, reaching London by 9.45 a.m. On second thoughts, it is not only business people who might use these facilities; Brussels is quite a gay city and well worth a visit for an evening's amusement. At Whitsun, Imperial Airways traffic again broke its own records. On the Friday prior to the holiday, nearly 400 passengers departed from or arrived at Croydon in the Company's liners. The summer time-table for Le Touquet comes into force on Friday next. Squadron-Leader E. G. Hilton, who is attached to Martlesham as a test pilot, carried out some very fine flying at the beginning of the month. As an endurance test of some new "Wolseley" engines of 225-horse-power, it was decided to fly an Airspeed "Envoy" to Cape Town, and on the return journey the recent record created by Mrs. Mollison was very nearly broken. Bad weather delayed the end of the flight in Central Europe. Average speed over the ground was 150 miles an hour, and the "Envoy" being a transport 'plane, with seats for seven or eight people, this is a specially good performance. The South African Government is using the "Envoy" for both military and commercial purposes.

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Information from all travel agencies and the German Railways Information Bureau, 19, Regent Street, London, S.W.1

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Foreign

Modern Aids to Beauty

Concerning a Dry Skin

THERE are three different types of skin—the dry, the oily and the average, which is least sensitive and therefore more lasting in its beauty. A dry skin, however, is frequently the aftermath of prolonged bad weather, such as we have had this year, and many women are faced with the difficulty of restoring their impoverished complexions. Before embarking upon this task they would be well advised to visit a beauty salon where they could consult an expert, and if necessary undergo a course of treatments. Madame Adelaide Grey, creator of Laleek skin preparations, is only too delighted to give personal advice at her salons, 27, Old Bond Street, while her booklet entitled *Madame and Eve*, is of real interest, and will gladly be sent free on request.

Three Laws of Beauty

As everyone knows, cleanliness is the basis of every beauty treatment, and for the dry skin there is Laleek Rose Skin Food, which cleanses and nourishes at the same time. It should be used for removing make-up, etc., and it is as well to let it sink into the pores for a few seconds before drying with a tissue. Thus the cream will penetrate below the surface of the skin and dislodge all dust and impurities. Wrinkle Oil, an excellent preventative against "Crows' Feet" and puffiness round the eyes, should be applied with the finger-tips and allowed to remain on all night, in order that the muscles may be strengthened and the tissues replenished with natural oils. Once a week the skin should be treated to a Face Mask, which is invaluable for deep cleansing and treating blackheads. It has at the same time a wonderfully invigorating effect, and smooths away small lines caused by fatigue. In the case of a dry skin, it should be removed with warm Wrinkle Oil instead of water.

Blemishes Banished

BLEMISHES of the skin and superfluous hair are very serious handicaps to a woman, but, thanks to Madame Grey, both can be treated until they eventually disappear. Her Clearing Lotion (2s.) should be used at night for insect bites, nettle-rash, and any irritation caused by inflammation. It is also excellent for Acne (though this often requires internal treatment as well), and will effectively close enlarged pores. For superfluous hair there is a Wax Depilatory which definitely weakens the growth and is quite harmless. Do not, however, try to remove too much at a time. It has been prepared for the face only, and is very inexpensive, the price being 3s. 6d.

The Editor's Box

World Champions at Bad Nauheim

Left: Mr. Wells and Miss Sissons (London) retained their world title at the big ball-room dancing competition at Bad Nauheim. It was the first time that the Championship has been held in Germany, and the Kurhaus at Nauheim was specially decorated with flowers and with flags of the fifteen nations participating

John Barnes of Hampstead Reopens

After complete rebuilding, John Barnes and Co., Ltd., had a gala opening day, when 10 per cent. of the proceeds went to the Hampstead Hospital. In the photo. the Duchess of Sutherland and Mr. H. G. Selfridge, Junior, are looking at the potter's wheel

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month*

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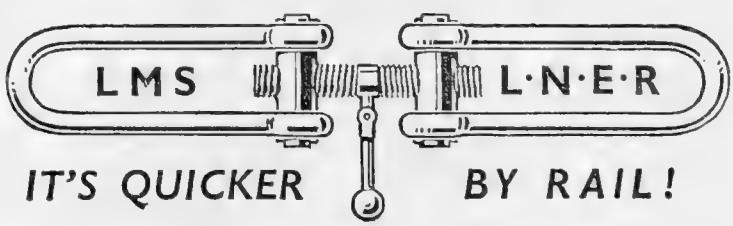

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Last Week's Weddings

Hogbin — Bromley

Dr. R. A. P. Hogbin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cairn Hogbin, of Highlands, Osterley Park, and Naomi Bromley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lancelot Bromley, of 36, Queen Anne's Street, W.1, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Wingfield — Cooke-Collis

Patricia Cooke-Collis, only child of Major-General W. J. and Mrs. Cooke-Collis, of Ravenhill, Green Island, Co. Antrim, was married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, to William Thomas Wingfield, only son of Major and Mrs. Wingfield, of Strettington House, Chichester

Henry — Davidson

At St. Michael's, Chester Square, Paul Frederick Henry, younger son of Major and Mrs. Edward Henry, of Charlton House, Tetbury, Glos., married Jean Elizabeth Noel Davidson, younger daughter of the late Rev. and Mrs. Davidson, of Woodford, Northants.

Lotinga — Thomas

Mary Bridget Thomas, daughter of Sir Shenton and Lady Thomas, of Government House, Singapore, was married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Captain J. L. Lotinga, Royal Fusiliers, elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Lotinga

Papworth — Lusty

Howard Charles Papworth, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Papworth, of 26, Felstead Road, Wanstead, and Mary Theresa Lusty, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Lusty, of Battlehurst, The Drive, Snaresbrook, Essex, were married at Christ Church, Wanstead

Clifford — Peel

William Hugh Clifford, son of the late H. L. Clifford and Mrs. Clifford, of Ennistown, Kilnessan, Co. Meath, Ireland, and Barbara Mary Peel, daughter of Judge Peel, K.C., and Mrs. Peel, of Knowlmere Manor, Clitheroe, Lancs., were married at Chelsea Old Church

Mallock — Tabor

Right: Wendy Tabor, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tabor, of 53, Prince's Gate, S.W.7, was married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, to Christopher Courtenay Mallock, youngest son of the late Major Mallock, and Mrs. Mallock-Bogle, of 4, Queen's Gate Place, S.W.

Owen — Miller

Dr. Raymond Owen, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Owen, of 5, Vallance Road, Alexandra Park, and Dorothea Miller, daughter of the late Thomas Miller and Mrs. Miller, of Latchmere, Holland Road, Sutton, Surrey, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

per Widengren — Low

At St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, Henken per Widengren, of Stockholm, married Ferelith Mansfield Low, daughter of the late John Low, of Butterstone, Perthshire, and of Mrs. Stuart Wyatt, of Gorse Hill, Woking

Falcke-Myers — Parbury

Pamela Parbury, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claud Parbury, of 20, Connaught Square, W.2, was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, to Denis Falcke-Myers, son of the late David Myers and Mrs. Myers, of 5, Portman Mansions, W.1

Henderson — di Campiglione

John Henderson, son of Dr. and Mrs. Henderson, of Wangaretta, Australia, married Contessina Anne-Marie Luserna di Campiglione at Brompton Oratory. She is the daughter of Captain Conte Luserna di Campiglione, of Florence and Los Angeles

Francis — Salt

Flt.-Lieut. Geoffrey Francis, elder son of Mr. F. S. and the late Mrs. Francis, of Wilkinthrop, Templecombe, Somerset, and Patience Salt, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Thomas and Lady Salt, of Hooke Court, Beaminster, Dorset, were married at Beaminster Church

Young — Halifax

At Christ Church, Westminster, Edward Graham Young, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Young, of Stendfield, Bickley, Kent, married Joan Frances Halifax, elder daughter of the late H. W. Halifax, and Mrs. Halifax, of Bromley, Kent

Watson — McLintock

Norah McLintock, eldest daughter of Sir William McLintock, Bt., and Lady McLintock, of Tudor Lodge, 90, Parkside, Wimbledon Common, was married at St. Columba's, Pont Street, to Stephen Watson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Watson

Whiteley — Ashmead-Bartlett

Derek Whiteley, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Tarver Whiteley, of London, and Frances Ashmead-Bartlett, daughter of the late Capt. George Ashmead-Bartlett and Mrs. Ashmead-Bartlett, of 2, Eldon Road, Kensington, were married at the Temple Church

Héroys — Walton

Sheila Mary Walton, daughter of Sir James and Lady Walton, of Innisfree, Mayfield, Sussex, was married at St. Philip's, Buckingham Palace Road, to Vladimir Héroys, son of General and Mme. Boris Héroys

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

June 17 — June 23

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Criterion. 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

AH, WILDERNESS!—Lord Longford's Irish company acts this lighter-moment play of Eugene O'Neill's; Paul Farrell and Ann Penhallow are excellent as parents of a very ordinary family: Ambassadors'. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—The comedy (or tragedy) of opposed temperaments in marriage is the basis of this amusing piece that runs like the poet's brook; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the pair: Aldwych. 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GREEN WATERS.—A dramatic and rugged piece of work about a father-son feud (by Max Catto), with Gillian Lind and Sebastian Shaw in the lead: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

HEROES DON'T CARE.—Plenty of bouncing fun at the expense of a Polar expedition led by Felix Aylmer; Carol Goodner is his wife: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Imperturbable as its traditional national origin, this Chinese play goes on and on, with Esmé Percy, Patricia Burke, and Clifford Bartlett acting à la chinois: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MISS SMITH.—Simple, lively story-telling about a governess-girl who takes a family in charge; Olga Lindo interprets her sympathetically; also Phyllis Konstam and Julien Mitchell: Duke of York's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE SEAGULL.—A feast of dramatic riches which must not be missed; Chekhov is the author, Komisarjevsky the producer, Peggy Ashcroft, Edith Evans, and John Gielgud the stars: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—You have three more days in which to see Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence in the former's tasty hors d'œuvre: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., 2.30.

WINTER SUNSHINE.—Athene Seyler and Nicholas Hannen, on board a boat bound for the Antipodes, unravel a light plot relying solely on characterisation, which is good; easy and pleasant to watch: Royalty, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland Muchachos and Young Ladies are all parts of it: Adelphi, 6.30 and 9.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls' school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobby Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome. 8.15. Thurs., Sat. 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 77.—The ballet is about Gretna Green, with Pearl Hackney and Ivor Beddoes; scenes at Ascot, Stafford and Marnitz's piano act, Eric Woodburn's dramatic dialogue all contribute to the non-stop show: Windmill, 1.20-11.30.

RISE AND SHINE.—An extravagant and glittering show; sets in England and "Moronia," Irene Browne inimitable as a duchess, Binnie Hale and Jack Whiting sparkling as the leads; good chorus singing. Drury Lane. 8.15. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—William Walker's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, and the ever-youthful Dorothy Dickson in it: Saville, 8.30 only.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

BOY MEETS GIRL.—Bella and Samuel Spewack's play is a light-hearted skit on Hollywood cœurs et mœurs with Helen Chandler and Bramwell Fletcher: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett finds heredity too strong in her relations—Dartmoor will out. David Horne and William Fox help this queer family drama on its way: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that blows up various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspenses and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FUGITIVES.—A typical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

KIND LADY.—Sybil Thorndike is the lady in question, trapped in her own house. A macabre play from Walpole's *The Silver Mask*: Lyric, 8.40.

THE KING'S LEISURE.—Effective entertainment from a heavy-handed plot; Paul Cavanagh is a Ruritanian king incognito at a house-party which includes Nora Swinburne: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Frank Vosper (who adapted the piece from Agatha Christie's novel) is a professional Bluebeard who gets Marie Ney into his clutches; good acting, plenty of thrills, and laughter by Muriel Aked: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams is the actor-author of this blood-curdling character sketch which goes to America in October and which should be seen before Saturday, when it finishes: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RUTH DRAPER.—Haymarket, 8.45. Thurs., Sat., 2.45.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly re-done; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

First Night

THE INSECT PLAY.—Revival of the Capek brothers fantasy has Edmond Willard and Bromley Davenport in their old parts: Little, Tues., 23rd.

CINEMAS

BIG BROWN EYES.—Go to this, ignoring the title, if you like a film full of action based on the jewel-theft-gangster lines, with Joan Bennett opposite detective Cary Grant: Plaza.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.—Starring the Dionne Quins, with Jean Hersholt as the lead of the human story built up round them: Tivoli.

DANGEROUS.—Bette Davis (Of *Human Bondage*) got the Motion Picture Academy Medal for this part of an actress who brings bad luck to everything she touches: Regal.

DIE EWIGE MASKE (*The Eternal Mask*).—A film of psychological research and the subconscious world—first from a new Swiss unit. Plenty of food for thought: Academy.

THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD.—A slick detective piece in *The Thin Man* style, dealing with crime on the race-course; William Powell and Jean Arthur are the stars: Carlton.

THE LITTLEST REBEL.—The new Shirley Temple film—a story of the American Civil War—has John Boles and Karen Morley in support of the child star; a colourful piece of work: New Gallery.

MODERN TIMES.—Charlie Chaplin's antics as he gets caught in the cogs of a machine age, with Paulette Goddard to give the oil of sentiment, continue to draw crowds to the Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE PHANTOM GONDOLA.—From Dekobra's *Gondole aux Chimères*, this film runs swiftly from Venice via Rome to Constantinople on the track of a villainous Pasha; Marcelle Chantal and Henri Rollan lead; Roger Karl (*Barcarolle*) is the Turk: Curzon (from Friday).

SHOW BOAT.—Edna Ferber's glamorous musical makes a big film, with Irene Dunne and Allan Jones as the stars, and Paul Robeson singing his fine old songs: Leicester Square.

SMALL TOWN GIRL.—Janet Gaynor's twenty-ninth starring picture does not depart from her usual style, except in a new leading man—Robert Taylor: Empire.

TWO'S COMPANY.—Gordon Harker and his American counterpart, Ned Sparks, in a wisecracking British comedy. London Pavilion

Première

BROKEN BLOSSOMS.—The Emlyn Williams—Dolly Haas piece about China and Chinatown: fine acting and a touching story: London Pavilion. Mon., 22nd.

OPERA

GLYNDEBOURNE:

GIOVANNI.—To-night, 17th, 6.45.

FIGARO.—Thurs., 18th, 6.45.

ZAUBERFLÖTE.—Fri., 19th, 6.45.

COSI FAN TUTTE.—Sat., 20th, 6.15.

FIGARO.—Sun., 21st. 4.15.

GIOVANNI.—Tues., 23rd, 6.45.

D'OYLY CARTE COMPANY, SADLER'S WELLS:

MIKADO.—To-night, 17th, 8.

PIRATES OF PENZANCE.—Thurs., 18th, 8.

GONDOLIERS.—Fri., 19th, 8.

IOLANTHE.—Sat., 20th, 2.30.

MIKADO.—Sat., 20th, 8.

IOLANTHE.—Mon., 22nd, 8.

PATIENCE.—Tues., 23rd 8.

(*Continued on page* E)

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What's On

(Continued from page D)

BALLET

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES.—Massine is the maître, the L.P.O. (conducted by Kurtz and Dorati) plays, and the company has all its old talents: Covent Garden. 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BLUM-FOKINE BALLET.—The big répertoire includes old favourites as well as new Fokine creations, *L'Epreuve d'Amour* and *Don Juan*: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC

Recitals

EMILY ROOSEVELT.—Song recital: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 17th, 8.30.

IDA SCHLONSKA.—Song recital: Grotrian Hall, Thurs., 18th, 8.30.

JOHN GOSS.—Song recital: Wigmore Hall, Tues., 23rd, 8.30.

DINO BORGIOLI.—Song recital: Queen's Hall, Tues., 23rd, 8.30.

Concerts

FESTIVAL OF ENGLISH CHURCH MUSIC.—Crystal Palace, Fri., 19th.

HIAWATHA.—The Royal Choral Society's dramatic version under Dr. Malcolm Sargent's direction (finishes on Saturday): Albert Hall, 8. Sat., 2.30.

SHOWS, PAGEANTRY AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Burlington House, 9—7.

INTERNATIONAL SURREALISTE EXHIBITION.—New Burlington Galleries.

ALDERSHOT TATTOO.—Last four days, to-day until Saturday.

TROOPING THE COLOUR (the King's birthday).—Horse Guards' Parade, Tues., 23rd.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SHOW.—Tues., 23rd, and Wed., 24th.

SPORT

TO-DAY, 17TH: Ascot, Royal Hunt Cup Lord's, Minor Counties v. All India.

THURS., 18TH: Ascot, Gold Cup.

FRI., 19TH: Ascot, Wokingham Stakes.

SAT., 20TH: Lord's, Oxford U. v. M.C.C.; Oval, Surrey v. All India; Hurlingham. last Westchester Cup match.

MON., 22ND: Wimbledon, All England championships open (till July 4th); Hoylake Open Golf Championship (till 26th); Ranelagh, Novices' Cup.

DANCING

In the Ballrooms

ASCOT DINNER AND BALL, Virginia Water.—To-night, 17th.

KING'S, CAMBRIDGE, MAY BALL.—To-night, 17th.

COMMEMORATION WEEK. Oxford.—Begins Mon., 22nd.

In the Restaurants

CARLTON.—There 's dancing here every evening; special cabarets on Tuesday, which is extension night.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Lucienne Boyer is the cabaret attraction; Lew Stone plays for dancing; extension, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Hollywood Starlets are still here, but the show and the turns are new; Jack Jackson's band; extension, Thursday.

GARDENIA RESTAURANT.—Has just opened in Park Lane; outdoor dancing when it 's warm enough.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Mangan's all-American cabaret, with comedy number, is the show; Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension, Thursday.

LONDON CASINO.—Two bands (Jack Harris) play for dancing on the stage; Folie Parisienne cabaret; better to dress.

MAY FAIR.—The Jardin Fleuri cabaret changes fortnightly, and the turns take turns with dancing; Harry Roy's band: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please, the wine list is also excellent; no music.

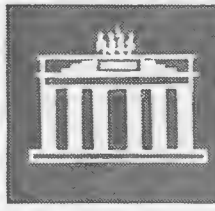
QUAGLINO'S.—The copper floor is new and effective; van Straten plays and there 's always a good cabaret turn: extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Café chantant is a way of saying that good cabaret alternates with dancing; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—No cabaret; the band is Reginald Bristow's; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

GERMANY

OLYMPIC GAMES



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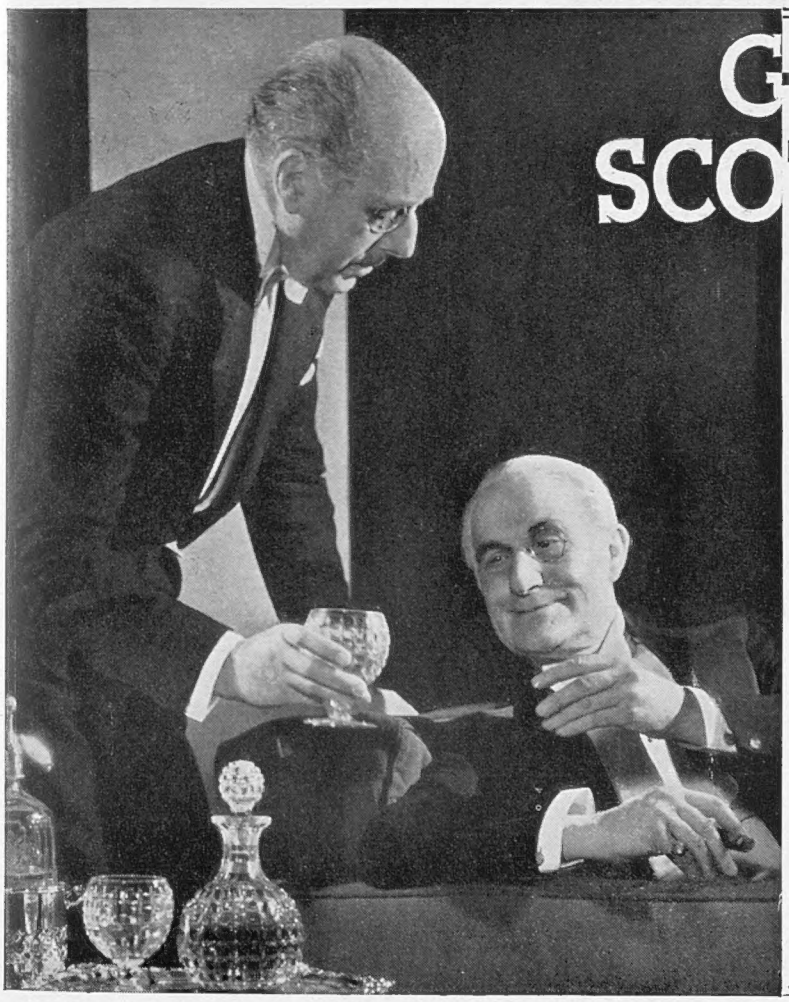

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